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1620

Pilgrims' Number

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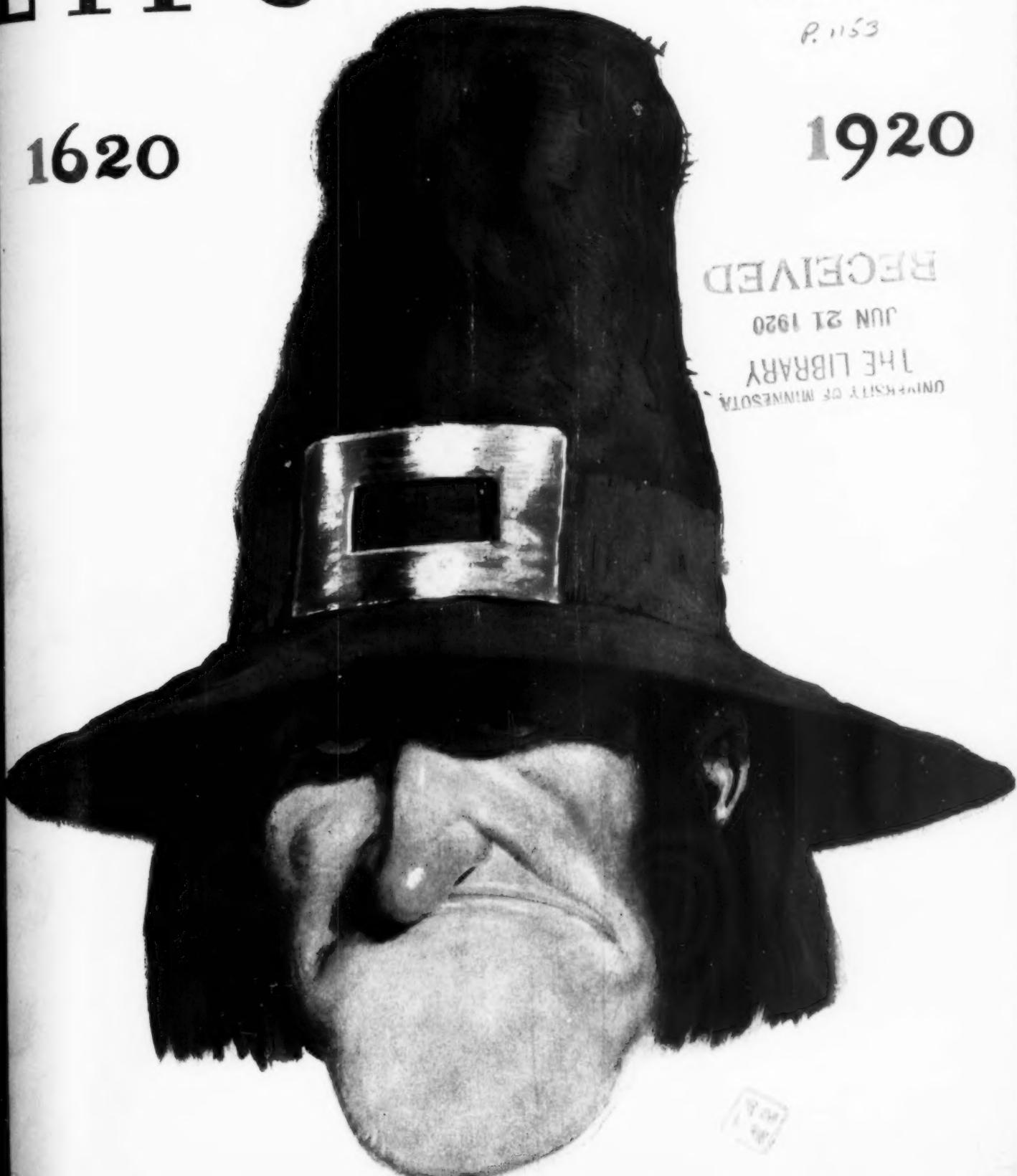
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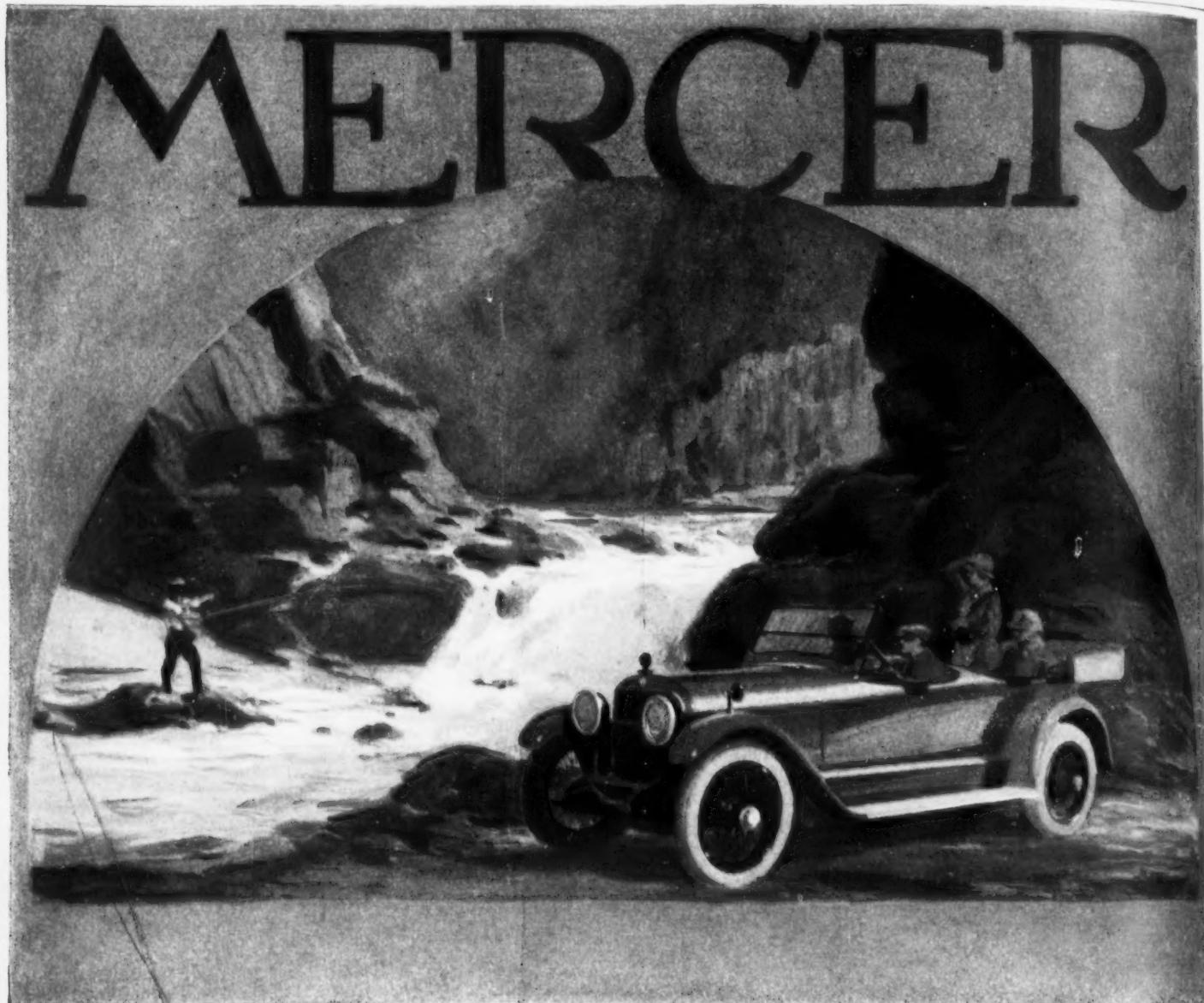


"CHEERIO"

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L I F E .

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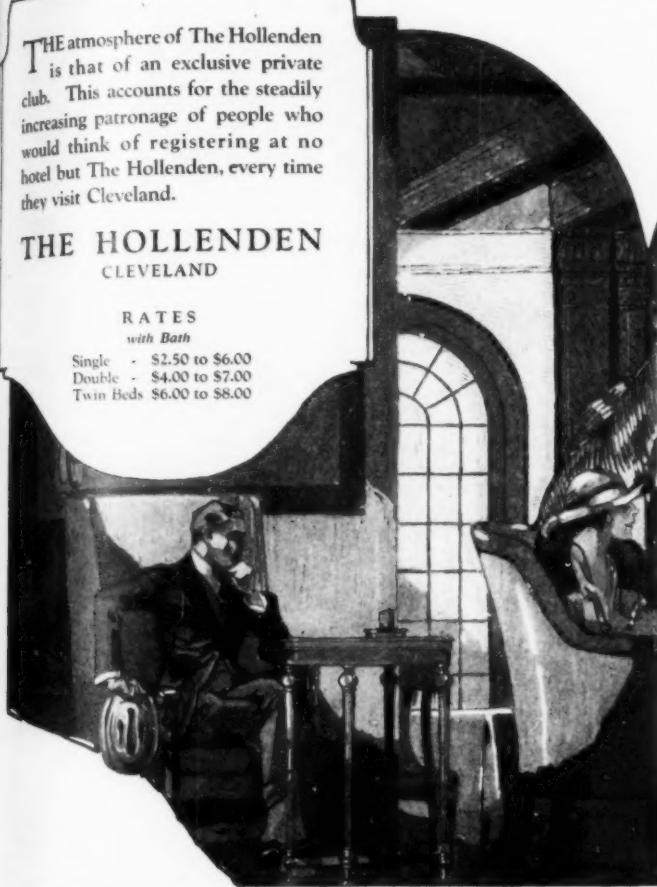
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THE HOLLENDE CLEVELAND

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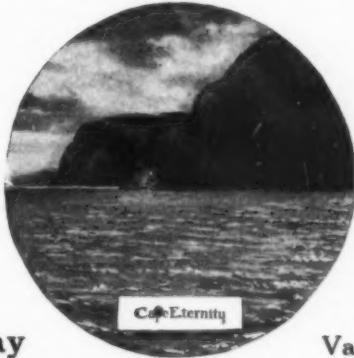
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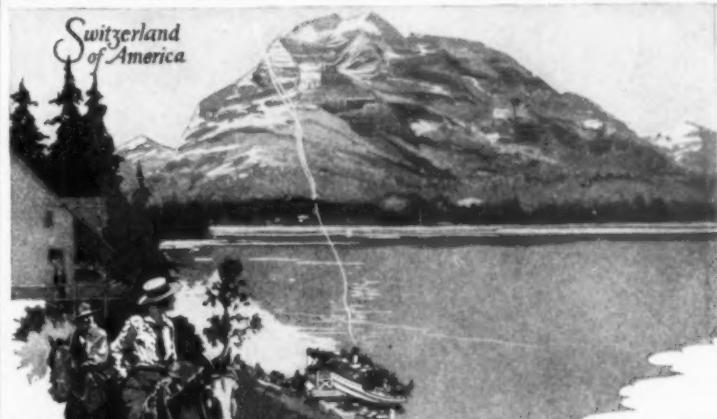
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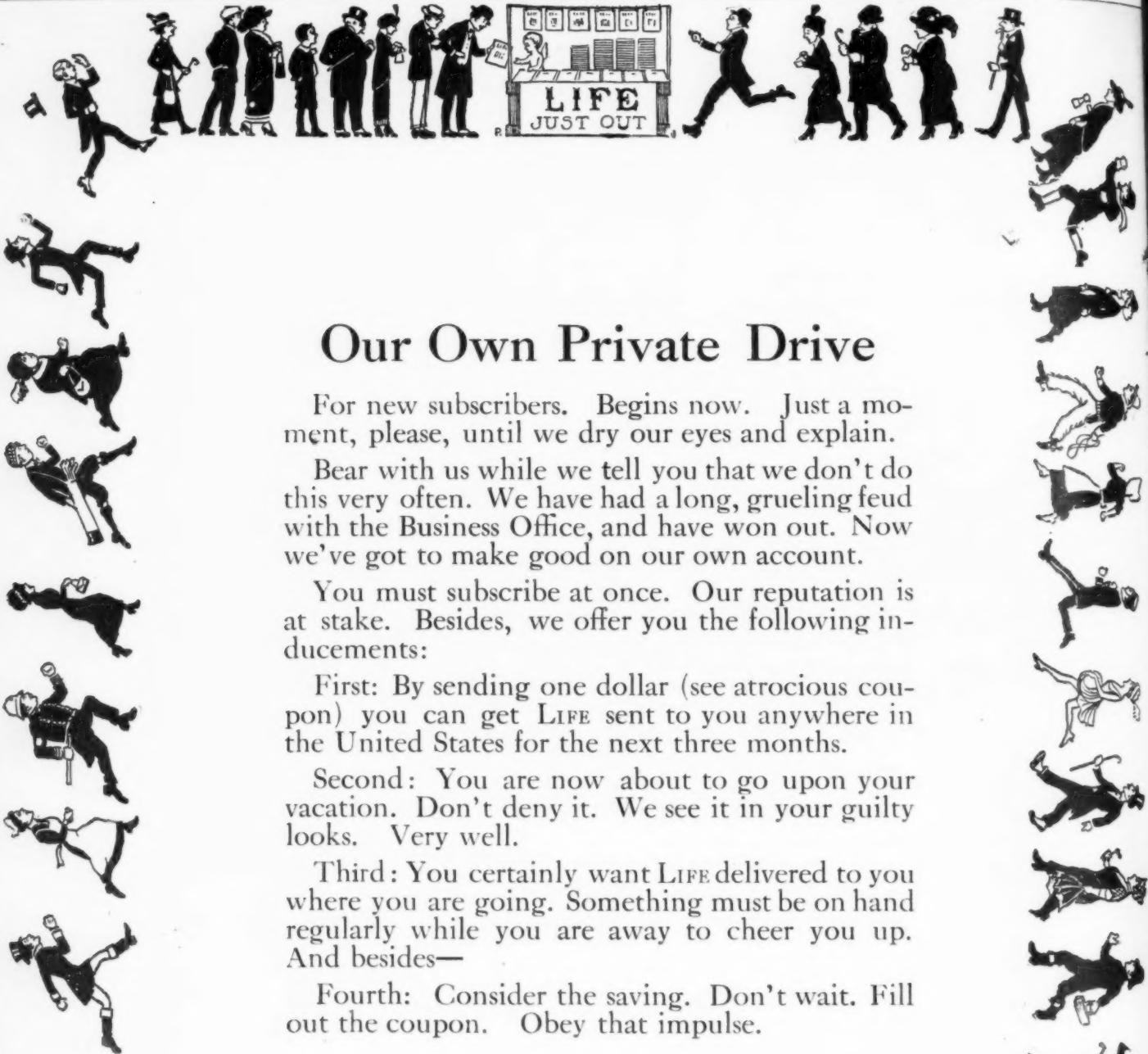
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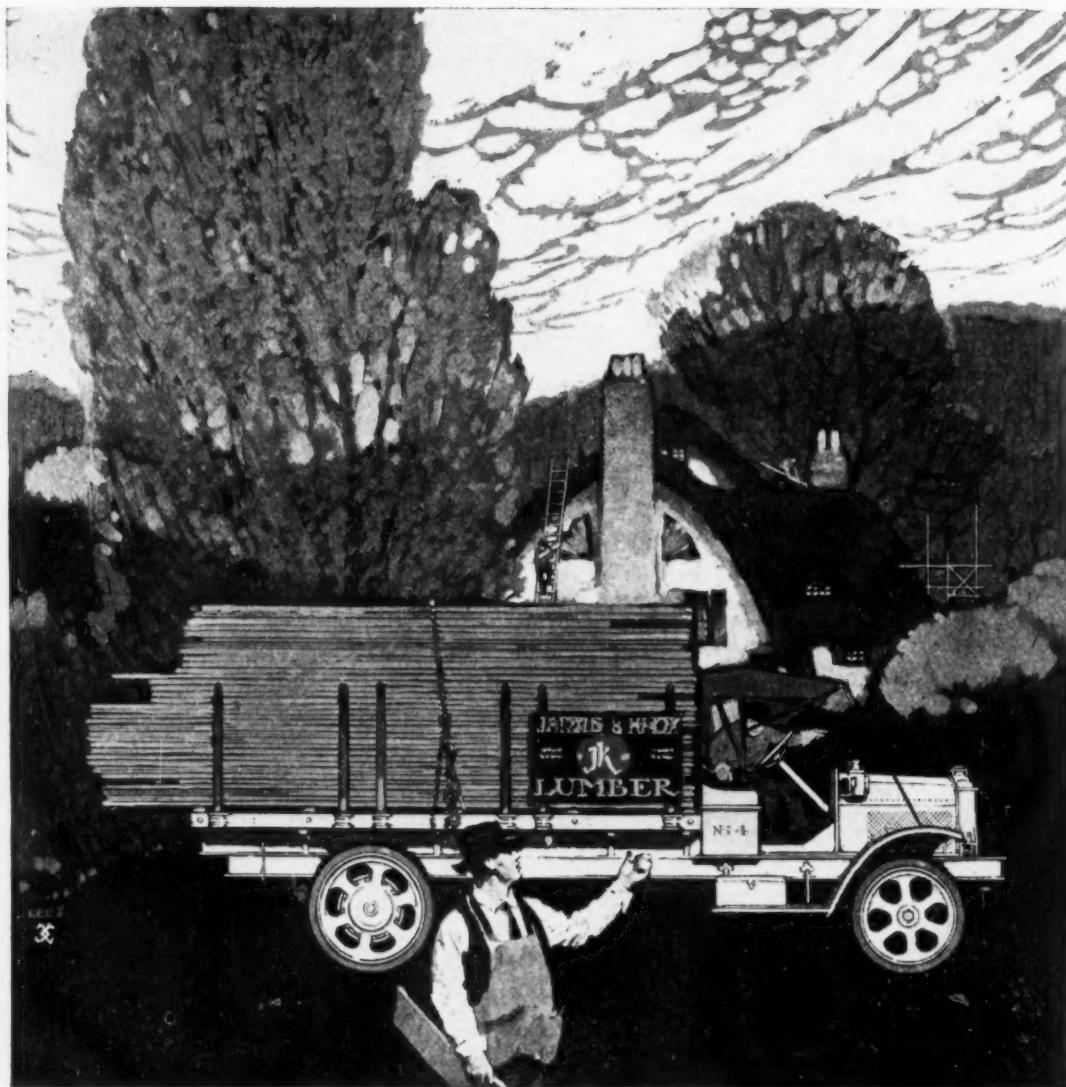
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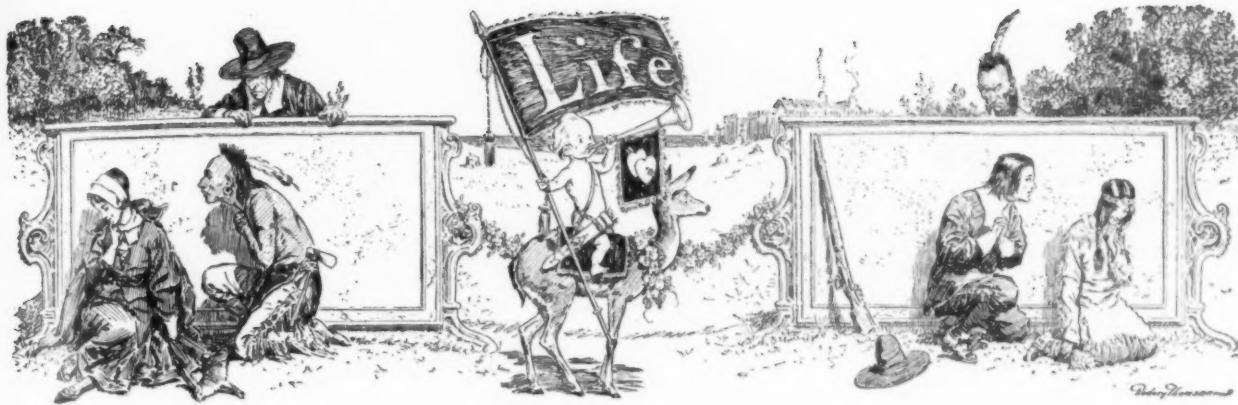


WHITE *has the OWNERS*

THE real merit of a motor truck is strongly reflected in its owners. The Annual Roll Call of White fleets in actual service is graphic proof of the most remarkable truck ownership in America, as remarkable for the quality of that ownership as for its extent and steady growth from year to year.

The Roll Call, including only owners of 10 or more White Trucks, lists 350 concerns with a total of 12,674 Whites. All together there are 3,691 White Fleets comprising 40,919 trucks exclusive of single-truck installations. Behind it all there is one decisive reason: White Trucks do the most work for the least money.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND



Caprice

PRISCILLA, my Puritan maid, is fair—
Fair with the charm of a dove.
Never a rose in her smoothly brushed hair
Coquettes with a fanciful love.
She's honestly sweet in her prim little way—
Not a bit like her sister, Caprice,
Who, blithe as a fawn, is so flagrantly gay
In purple and gold and cerise!

One would I choose, and Priscilla, the dear,
Brings visions of comfort and ease.
Caprice is so vivid—so vital—so queer—
With a mood that's akin to a breeze.
With one I would drift on a calm little stream;
Serenity never would cease.
My head is in love with Priscilla, the dove;
But my heart is in love with Caprice!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.



TREMENDOUS RUSH AT THE BOOKING OF THE GOOD SHIP MAYFLOWER

OUR FAR-SEEING ANCESTORS REALIZED THAT SUCH A CHANCE FOR SOCIAL PRESTIGE WAS NOT TO BE DESPISED

No

NO is one of the smallest words in the English language, and yet—

It has brought about more heartaches than the war.

It has caused more children to shed tears than all the spankings in the world put together.

It has saved more money for individuals with backbone than a year's output of padlocks.

It has made itself Prohibition's greatest aid.

It has killed genius and thwarted ambition.

It has turned love into hate and success into failure.

It has kept kings off thrones and poets out of Arcadia.

It has caused good men to tremble and scoundrels to rejoice.

Will it ever make a change for the better? No.

Q. E. D.

MR. and Mrs. Todd were debating whether the movie they had just seen was a new or old production.

"The leading woman wore two or three gowns that are very much in vogue," Mrs. Todd reminded her husband.

He remained firm, however.

"There wasn't any excitement when the cocktails were served," he said.



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM
NOT A GREASED POLE

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1919, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-three years. In that time it has expended \$183,025.49 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,802 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Balance	\$2,568.27
Alex E. O. Munsell	100.00
L. Gordon Hammersley	100.00
Wm. R. Graupner	5.00
	\$2,773.47

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Girls' dresses, lace and underwear from Mrs. Margaret R. MacKenzie, So. Portland, Maine.

Seven suits for boys and ten pairs of shoes (all new) from Mrs. John J. Lincoln, Elkhorn, W. Va.

Complimentary

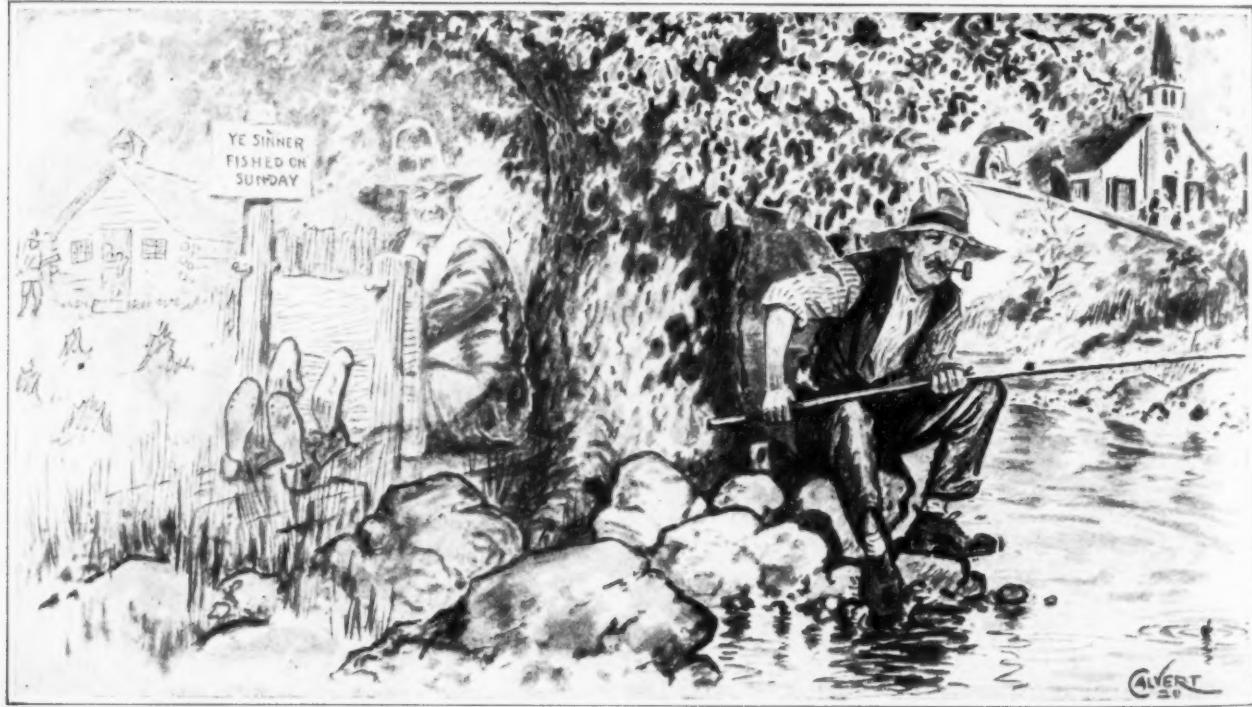
MARY played the piano rather poorly, but had been urged to play for the guests.

After the painful ordeal was finished she said modestly, "I know I play fierce, but I'll get there some time!"

"You do beautifully!" said great-aunt Susan comfortingly. "Why, most folks that couldn't play better'n you wouldn't play at all!"

CONEY ISLAND has special women policemen to keep other members of their sex properly covered while in bathing."

"That isn't a bad idea. If it succeeds, why not import them into some of the New York restaurants?"



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK



THE PURITAN SPIRIT
"HERE AT LEAST WE SHALL BE FREE"



Sanctum Talks

"IS this LIFE?"

"Who—? I— Can it be possible? By Jove! So it is! My dear Lloyd George, be seated. Delighted, I assure you."

"I just dropped in to express the hope that nothing is going to happen."

"You mean between—"

"Yes. Us. We Anglo-Saxons, you know—"

"Including, I suppose, the Irish and the Welsh and the Scotch—"

"Oh, certainly."

"And all the weaker peoples."

"Dear me, yes."

"Nothing can happen, my dear Lloyd George, except—"

"Except—?"

"Well, except a few little things like the Sinn Feiners, the balance of power, the League of Nations, oil, the freedom of the seas, the South American trade, Mexico, Japan and—"

"My dear LIFE, all this is precisely what I dropped in to see you about. We mustn't let any of these things come between us. The destiny of the whole world depends upon this—well, rather. How can we—?"

"Only in one way, that I can see."

"And that is—?"

"By each of us improving our manners, and by becoming thoroughly disinterested. We must be honest with each other, Lloyd George. And I have the temerity to say that to you, who are, I believe, a politician and occasionally—a diplomat."

"Quite right."

"But there must be no politics played between us—no personal ambitions must be played off."

"You speak as if—"

"Not at all, not at all. I merely wish to—"

"You—?"

"Yes, I—"

"And—?"

"You, of course—"

"Yes, yes; quite right. It is quite ripening of you, LIFE, to be so frank."

"I regard it as absolutely necessary, Lloyd George, between brothers. And now that we understand each other—"

"I will—"

"Fine!"

"Ripping!"

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

Work

DOES it not beat all what ideas will ramble around through a man's head when he is sitting at home all day in a bathrobe, waiting for his suit to come back from the presser's?

To-day, in this precise situation, we have been thinking of work. What an appropriate time to think of work, when one has no suit in which to go out and put one's ideas into execution!

Thinking of work never hurt anybody. We can sit for hours and think of the hardest sort of manual labor, and at the end we are not nearly as tired as a man who has been spading a garden for ten minutes. The brain, even a weak one, has more marvelous recuperative powers than the muscle.

So many of us working people are proving that now, too. So many of us are prolonging our lives by thinking of work and trying to invent a substitute for it. We need all our muscular strength to attend the movies and drive our automobiles.

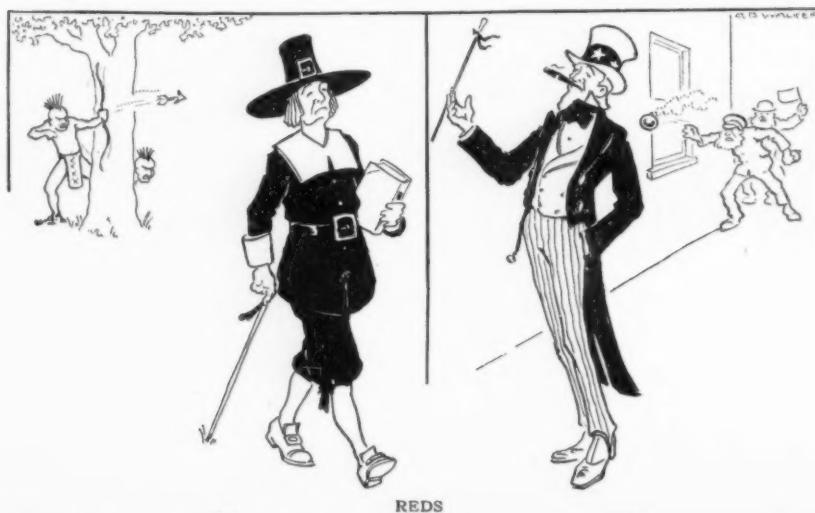
The most expert and technical works upon work have been written by men who have spent years in thinking about it. It requires thought, not work, to write of work. Do you suppose for a moment that a ditch-digger, an iron-founder, a paper-hanger or a locomotive fireman wrote that immortal classic, "How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour"? Perish the thought.

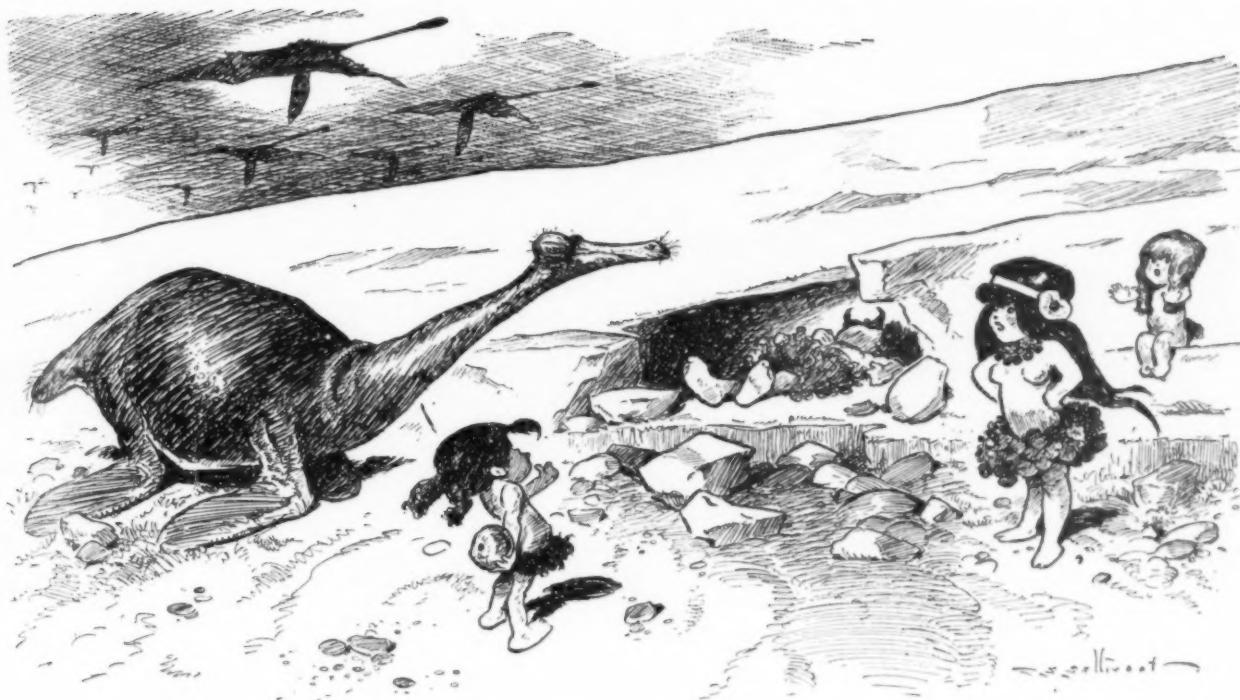
That busy-little-bee thing was penned by a thinker. The very depth of its logic proves that. It drags forth a fundamental truth, if not a fundamental passion, and holds it up to the pitiless light of publicity.

A Guide

DASHAWAY: Is there any way I can tell whether that girl is in love with me or not?

CLEVERTON: Certainly. If she knows what an ass you are making of yourself over her, then she isn't.





Eve: NOW, CAIN, WHERE DID THAT PLESIOSAURUS COME FROM?

Cain: HE FOLLOWED ME HOME, MAW.

"TELL ME THE TRUTH. YOU MUST HAVE TEMPTED HIM WITH THAT APPLE."

A Mayflower Maid

(1620)

MINE ancestor (God rest his soul
Who hath been dust so long!),
That he might ease his passion's dole,
Inscribed this ancient song.
'Twas writ within his Memory Book
My Grandmother bequeathed;
What patient midnight hours he took
With flowers around it wreathed!

To CHARITY: Thou art as sweet
As Plymouth apple bloom;
The waves retreat before thy feet
With all their flying spume.

The sunshine lingers in thy hair
Although the daylight flee;
Thou art no witch, yet I declare
Thou hast bewitched me!

Now I have Faith and I have Hope
To aid me on my way,
Howe'er so steep and rough the slope
Whereby my footsteps stray;
O all ye starry powers above,
This prayer I lift to thee:
Grant me the guerdon of thy love,
And give me—Charity!

Clinton Scollard.

Trouble Ahead

FIRST GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL:
We shall have to double our force for
the next census.

SECOND G. O.: Why? We haven't
twice as many people as in 1910—judging
by the returns.

"No; but there are twice as many
fanatics."

Far Away

"DO you think the free-verse poets will
ever go out on strike?"

"Not unless they introduce some har-
mony into their organization."



THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



WITCHCRAFT

Miles Standish Meets the Associated Press

(From Our Special Correspondent)

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Dec. 21.—When interviewed on the deck of R. M. S. Mayflower, which docked here to-day, Miles Standish, prominent Pilgrim father, expressed himself as being highly pleased at the warmth of his reception in America. Mr. Standish, it will be recalled, has come from England to deliver a series of lectures on the alleged religious persecutions which are said to be prevalent there.

"Your American women are delightful—fascinating," said Mr. Standish, after he had graciously condescended to pose for his picture in company with a group of prominent film stars who were also on the Mayflower's passenger list. "I have been privileged," he continued, "to learn many of your quaint dances, including the shimmy, and I may say that my faith in modern morality has been considerably 'shaken!'" The assembled reporters enjoyed a hearty laugh at the gentle witticism, which clearly showed that, even though Mr. Standish is a one-hundred-per-cent. Puritan in all respects, he is not above enjoying a little joke now and then.

The distinguished visitor gave further proof of the fact that he is thoroughly conversant with American affairs when, submitting to a veritable cross-fire of questions, he stated that he believes that "Nickey" Arnstein will be acquitted, that "Babe" Ruth will fail to duplicate his 1919 record for home runs, and that the Pickford-Fairbanks scandal will tend to revolutionize the divorce laws in Nevada. He announced his intention of entering all the limerick contests that are being conducted in the press throughout the country, and stated that his first official act will be to visit the Polo Grounds, the Grand Canyon and the Ford Motor Works. He hopes to take them all in in one day.

When asked to render an opinion on Prohibition, Mr. Stan-

dish winked expressively and pointed to his suitcase, which bulged strangely.

"I may be puritanical, and all that sort of thing," he remarked, "but one must draw the line somewhere."

He expects to remain in America as long as his supply holds out.
R. E. Sherwood.

BESSIE: There's something I can't understand about Dorothy. She's actually beginning to make herself up.

MABEL (*sighing*): Ah, well, my dear, you must remember that she is two years older than we are. We all come to it in time.



WILLIE'S FIRST DIP IN THE OCEAN

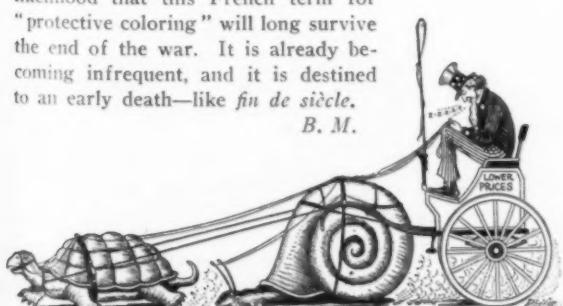
A French Invasion

MORE than half a century ago when the British had reason to believe that Napoleon III was meditating an invasion of England, Tennyson rhymed a martial appeal to his countrymen with the refrain, "Form, riflemen, form!" Here in the United States to-day a patriotic poet might well implore the Minute Men to rally in defense of our language, threatened with an invasion of French words. In a recent review of a new American mystery story, in which an aged dealer in masks and costumes is assassinated, the critic tells us that the first chapter of the tale "pictures the murder of the old *costumier*." Why *costumier*? Is not *costumer* a good and sufficient word? It is true that the British seem to prefer *costumier* to *costumer* for some inscrutable reason, as they have lately taken to calling a napkin a *serviette*—even going so far as to speak of *serviette rings*, a vile combination, abhorrent to all who love the English language for its own sake.

And worse remains behind. In a recent advertisement of the latest edition of one of the best of American dictionaries a list is given of the new words included in it. Among these new words are *escadrille*, *brisance*, *rafale* and *empennage*, which are not English, which never will be English, and which have no rightful place in any lexicon of our tongue. Then there is *questionnaire*, which is in truth familiar in our mouths just now, in spite of the fact that it is an undesirable citizen of the vocabulary, since we have already a better word, *interrogatory*. Moreover, if *questionnaire* is to take out its papers, it ought to Anglicize itself into *questionary*—as *repertoire* has become *repertory*.

The writer of the advertisement of this new supplement to the old dictionary declares that the specimens he lists are "a suggestion of the recent growth of the language." One of these specimens is *camouflage*. But there seems to be little likelihood that this French term for "protective coloring" will long survive the end of the war. It is already becoming infrequent, and it is destined to an early death—like *fin de siècle*.

B. M.



EN ROUTE

LOWER PRICES COMING (NEWS ITEM)



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS
AS THE MOVIES WOULD HAVE IT

The Last Word

AT an organization meeting of the women voters in a western city one of their orators was pleading for united action.

"We must elect one of our number whom all the rest will follow," she proclaimed.

Now, into this meeting a mere man had gained entrance. His plan was to heckle the speakers and cause any disagreements that he might be able to.

"I'd like to see any woman in the bunch that you'd *all* follow," he spoke up, as the above statement was made.

The woman orator looked around the hall, perceived the speaker, and favored him with her most withering glance.

"I'd like to see any woman in the bunch you wouldn't follow!" she retorted. There was no more heckling of the speakers that evening.



FIRST BANQUET IN OLD PLYMOUTH
"COME ON, BOYS, DINNER'S READY"

Nailing a Calumny

OUR worthy Puritans, I gather
From reading tough old Cotton
Mather

And sifting legend, fact and rumor,
Were wholly destitute of humor.
A chosen race of pious Grundys,
They duly thanked their God on Sundays
When providential chills-and-fevers
Erasèd the Redskin unbelievers.
Remorseless Greek and Hebrew scholars,
They wore uncompromising collars
And gloomy headgear, cloaks and breeches;
But, please!—they did not burn their
witches!

As long as Time his pathway trudges
We'll hold against them sundry grudges—
Those joyless, tyrannous fanatics
Who stored grim furniture in attics.
They frowned on sport (though everybody
Was free to take his daily toddy);
Dissenters all to them were fakers;
They prisoned, flogged and banished
Quakers;

Yet, while it pleased their somber fancy
That amateurs of necromancy
Should be high-hanged in hempen hitches,
At least they never *burned* their witches.

They had their faults, those brave old
fellows

Whose iron aspect distance mellows;
They had no tolerance whatever
For things we justify as "clever";
They held, like some alive at present,
That nothing could be Right and Pleas-

ant,
Yet killed off all their homely ladies
As patently in league with Hades.
Their creed and politics were tribal;
But let us brand the ancient libel
As false as extra curls and switches—
They never, never *burned* their witches!

Arthur Guiterman.

"Puritan New England"

THAT has long been the favorite phrase
in referring to the section where almost
everything is supposed to be suppressed. And yet—

Massachusetts has legalized Sunday sports, and her Senate and House have passed favorably on 2.75 beer and light wines.

The Boston police commissioner, after a test case in court, has been compelled to withdraw the police he detailed to supervise dancing in hotels.

The Bay State will probably soon legalize prize fighting. (Even the Watch and Ward Society has been won over to it.)

It can't be that the heart of New England is beginning to react! And yet—



"WELL, ELSIE, WHAT SORT OF A FELLOW ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY WHEN YOU GROW UP?"
"I AM GOING TO MARRY A SAILOR LIKE GEORGE OR A SOLDIER LIKE YOU."

Words, Words, Words

MOUTHS are getting larger.

The reason is simple: words are getting bigger.

And in order to make simple things complex, language architects are adding to the front and rear of ordinary words constantly. It requires elastic lips to navigate the latest 1920 vocabulary.

It has come to pass that the bigger the word the less it means. For instance, "congressional" does not mean any more than its first syllable, "con," if results are any criterion. "Misrepresentation" stands merely for "false."

Movements against space-eating words have not appeared to move much.

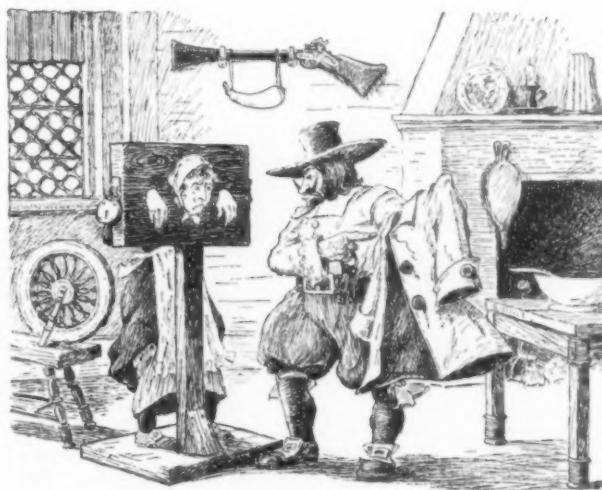
Simplified spelling was popular, but many persons thought it didn't look "classy" on commercial and social stationery.

Bald-headed men who spend their lives on orating committees continue to announce that they "advocate a co-ordination of facilities," when they might simply say, "Let's work together."

We pity the ordinary Zulu who talks in grunts—but he is years ahead of us as far as concentrated language is concerned.

For instance, his mere grunt means, "Kill that garrulous missionary and put him in the pot for dinner." J. G. C.

IDEA OF HELL: To be forced to remain in someone else's idea of heaven.



HIS PRIVATE STOCK

I Want a House

I WANT a house and a comfy chair
And a red-brick fireplace all my own.
I want a nice soft reading light,
And a rug or two, and a telephone
That nobody else but I may use.
I want a cat and a dog, and then
I want a garden where flowers grow.
I don't care if it does take men
To tend the furnace and walk and lawn—
I want a house.

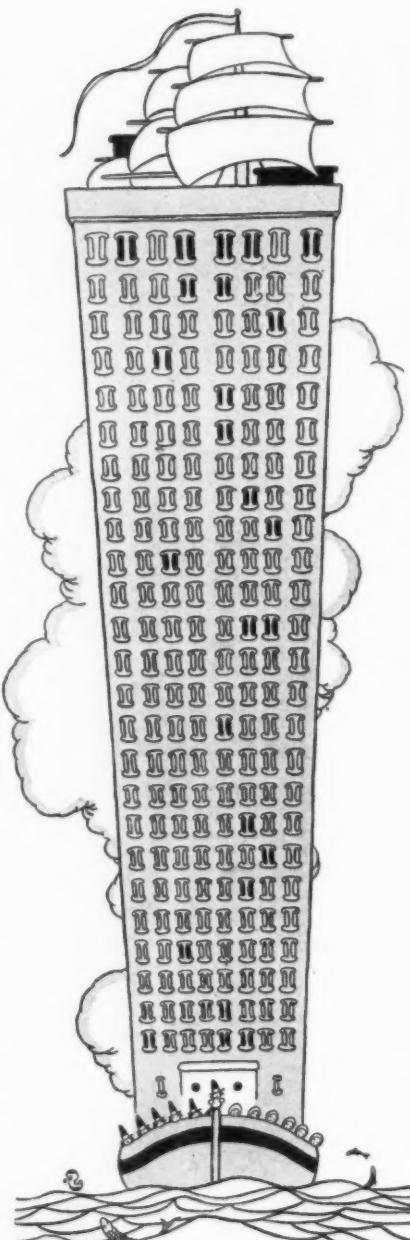
I want a house and an apple tree
In a real back yard. And by and by
I want some dishes and silver and things
And room to fuss and scrub and try
Out all the rules in the magazines.
I want a place where I can sew
And then run off without picking up.
I want to watch "just folks" that go
Up and down on a pleasant street
And feel they're there, but my house so
clean,
With straight white curtains and bor-
dered walk,
Is a place of refuge that stands between
All folks and me. Oh, nobody knows
How I want a house!

Jeannette M. Collins.

Character

A MAN of character is not necessarily a forceful person, nor yet one who is morally conscious of himself (in the modern sense of class consciousness) and is leading a godly, righteous and sober sleep. On the contrary, he may be of weak character as well as strong, or have a bad character and still be a character. The only requirement for being a character is that one bear the distinctive stamp of his own personality or of his class. The test of a character is how easily he can be taken off. You take him off the way wax takes off the character of a seal. In other words, there is something to him; before you meet him you whisper for his name, and do not forget it afterward.

On the other hand, it is really impossible to describe a man without a character. Some people at first appear to be exceedingly sagacious, until we find that their keenness lies in discovering our own ideas and giving them back to us. Such men are never characters: they are the intellectual chameleons of society, always changing color to agree with their backgrounds. Yet, in another way, are they not also characters? They are the sycophants, the characteristic demagogues and court favorites, who flatter presidents or proletariats according to their interests. I set out to describe what a character is not, and find that I have really described a familiar character type—one without character. We remember him for the same reason that we remember the chameleon, just because he does change his color.



THE MAYFLOWER—AS SHE MUST HAVE BEEN BUILT IF SHE HELD ALL THE ANCESTORS SHE IS CLAIMED TO HAVE HELD

he told him what A

B shook his head.

"If A had come to me first," he replied, "I would have done it; but the fact that he went to you first, in preference to me, shows that he is a fellow I cannot trust."

"But I didn't ask you to trust A," said B; "I only asked you to trust me."

"I understand all that," said C; "but it amounts to the same thing. But if I stopped mistrusting you, I would end by trusting him. You can't fool me. I'm nobody's tool!"

Moral.—There isn't any.

A man without character is indescribable. He looks like everybody, but no more than everyone else does, since otherwise we should notice him, and that would turn him into a character. He is not the average man, because when that gentleman appears we shall put him in a museum and charge admission. We are hunting for the man who can slip out of a tea party without anybody's noticing, though we should all have envied him if we had noticed; whom everybody would have missed if he hadn't come, but who always does come, and so is never missed. He is the ideal husband. What he says goes in one ear and out the other, although you are generally under the impression that you remember what it was—at least until you think about it, but if he is a genuinely characterless man you won't think about it much—only enough so that you don't notice that you are not thinking. You see him coming on the street, and forget about it before he passes you. In short, a characterless man is an excellent detective; the only way to describe him is this: , and even that is inadequate, because it draws your attention to him. The best detectives are that way.

John Van Voorhis.

Nothing Doing

ONCE there were three men who mis-
trusted one another.

Let us call them A, B and C.

A mistrusted B and C. B mistrusted A and C. C mistrusted A and B.

There were in all, therefore, six mis-
trusts—divided among three. Each one
had two mistrusts.

An impartial observer, who was known
by A, B and C to be unprejudiced and
desirous only of saving superfluous energy,
pointed this out to A. A therefore
went to B and said:

"If you will stop mistrusting me, I will
stop mistrusting you. This will reduce
the total number of mistrusts by two."

"Wait a minute," said B. "I will con-
sult C."

"If you," he said to C, "will stop mis-
trusting me, I will stop mistrusting you.
That will leave only two mistrusts," and
had said.

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"Time and Tide"



JUNE 24, 1920

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PEOPLE, almost all people, groused a great deal about mistakes all through the great war. There were folks who expounded in dolorous detail the awful blunders that had been made and the awful consequences that had ensued. The gist of Senator Lodge's opening remarks at the Chicago Convention was the horrible mistakes and the delinquencies of President Wilson, and the huge and important job the country had of getting rid of him and of all who shared his evil purposes. But the philosopher is bound to smile at all these outbreaks. Mistakes are, of course, bound to be made. Mr. Wilson has made his, and they stand out all the bigger on a background of remarkable achievement.

Mistakes are nothing. They are just the common lot—the ordinary obstacles to purposes that try out the substance that is in the people who would get ahead. People, as a rule, are disappointing, not omitting that most important person of all whom each of us knows as Number One. The vital question about people is not whether they will make mistakes or not, but whether they have stuff enough in them to work through all their blunders and get somewhere that is worth getting to. That is the question about the Republican party, still, at this writing, in convention, and tossed from the horns of one dilemma to the hospitable prongs of another. It is the question about the Democratic party, which is about to oper-

ate. It is a question about the United States. Have we got in us the stuff to go out on the road over all the obstacles that make it difficult, and come out somewhere worth while?

Now, this is the Pilgrims' Number of LIFE, and in this number especially it is proper to say that if we have in us valuable stuff and in the required measure, we may credit it considerably to the Puritans. They were the hardest substance that ever landed on these shores, except, possibly, the Scotch-Irish, who were spiritually akin to them. They were disappointing; oh, very. When Ambassador Geddes said that the way out of the world turmoil must be led by those who keep in view the three essentials—beauty, service and truth—he set a standard that the Puritans could not altogether meet. They were somewhat short on beauty. On the other two essentials they were strong. They loved truth, as they understood it, beyond home or ease. They loved spiritual things, and crossed the ocean to have free enjoyment of them. They were workers, and strong in service as they understood it. At first they had to hang together and work for one another, in order to keep alive a sufficient remnant to make their landing good. Their early need of material necessities was so bitter that they came perhaps to over-value material things. Work and thrift were the most visible tenets of their religion. They worked hard—they saved. They were attentive to gainfulness, and after a long while they got rich, but it took a long time for the other world—the invisible world of the spirit—to lose its actuality for them. They believed in the next life,

and were awfully attentive and not always intelligent about making good in it.

Their first government was theocratic. Their bosses were ministers. They stood it as long as they could, and when they proceeded to other and milder forms of rule, there still remained in the backs of their heads the conviction that they were after more than this world could give them. When, two centuries after the Mayflower landed, they had begun to penetrate beyond New England and the Hudson and the Mohawk into the lands that spread westward to the Pacific, they carried with them not their hardness and their gainfulness and their thrift alone, but the stubborn conviction that there was more to this life and this world than was in sight. They impressed their spirit on the Middle West. They made Ohio, they gave character to Illinois and Indiana, and when the lands east of the Mississippi that had been the West became East, they spread on, carrying the Puritan standard to the region between that river and the Rocky Mountains. Then in '49 they mixed in with the gold-seekers, and were in at the occupation of California, and now it is hard to lose the Pilgrim stuff anywhere in these States until and unless you strike the great but softer current that proceeded out of Virginia.



OF course, when everybody who was alive and able and could keep sober in this country began to get rich, the descendants of the Puritans were not behind in that activity, but as a rule were leaders in it. They had their experience of wallowing in money, and got to know more about beauty, and in the last century in New England carried thrift into religion and practised an excessive economy in belief. But nowadays it is interesting and

encouraging to discover the Puritan spiritual aspiration emerging even from wealth. Out of the richest families of that stock there are liable to spring people whose feet are planted as by unseen hands in the paths of righteousness, and whose faces are turned by an instinct that seems to be outside of their own wills to the light that does not fade. Such instances are not rare, and they sustain one's confidence in the controlling stock that is in the American people. They console one when the political leaders make mistakes and the crowd seems to be groveling away after little things. They give one confidence even about political conventions—that out of them will come either something so bad that the people won't have it, or something good enough to win. The Puritan spirit, the spirit that brought men to Massachusetts Bay in order to say their prayers more conveniently, is like the steel rods that builders run through concrete walls to hold them together and

keep them standing. All manner of things have been mixed into our national concrete, including many valuable elements that are not of Puritan derivation, but those Puritan rods are still in place and performing their office.



MR. WILSON is not of the Puritan stock. On his father's side at least he derives from a much later importation. But he is a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, and that comes about as near to the Puritan quality as may be. He was once described in this paper as a Presbyterian Jefferson, and it is true that he has Jefferson's revolutionary impatience, linked to a practical religious idealism that reminds one of Cromwell. The great job of both

conventions is to deal with situations and with purposes which have come from him. He has not himself been able to carry out his purposes. In the form in which he has offered them, they may have defects, but whichever party, if either of them, ventures to trample on them and throw them aside, takes a heavy responsibility in having to reckon with the inexorable Puritan aspiration that lies deep and potent in the mixture that we call our country.

That responsibility the Republican Convention seems to have taken. As this issue of *LIFE* goes to press, the news is that it has adopted a Treaty plank in its platform that is satisfactory to Johnson and Lodge. The headline in Mr. Hearst's *American* reads: "JOHNSON WINS PLANK REJECTING WILSON LEAGUE," and that is what the plank does. It rejects the Treaty and the League. Proclaiming that the Republican party stands for agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world, the plank goes on to say:

The covenant signed by the President at Paris failed signally to accomplish this purpose and contained stipulations not only intolerable for an independent people, but certain to produce the injustice, hostility and controversy among nations which it proposed to prevent.

It adds that the Republican senators who beat the Treaty in the Senate "performed their duty faithfully. We approve," it says, "their conduct and honor, their courage and fidelity."

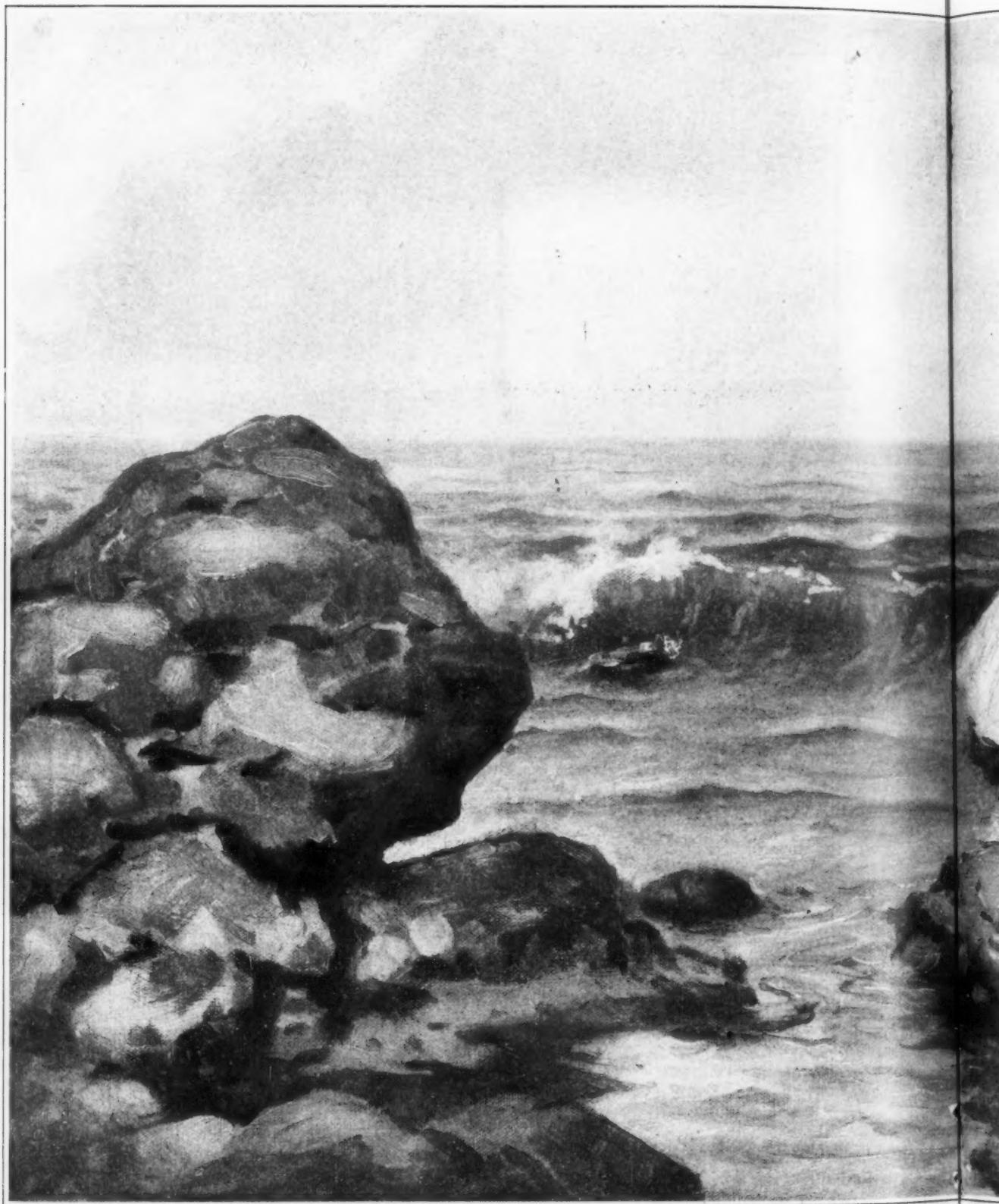
What else happens at Chicago does not greatly matter if what has happened stands. Whether this man or that man runs on the platform that contains that plank is a matter of no vital concern. The papers speak of George Harvey as being one of the artificers of the plank. The platform it is part of and the ticket that goes with it will doubtless have Colonel Harvey's support, and if the Democrats do their duty, probably that of William Hearst.

Writing of the Treaty to the Jackson dinner last winter, and affirming that it was impossible to rewrite it, President Wilson said: "If there is any doubt as to what the people of the country think on this vital matter, the clear and single way out is to submit it for determination at the next election to the voters of the nation." To hearers tired out with the squabbles in the Senate over the Treaty, that was a most unwelcome suggestion. All the same, it is coming to pass. What the Republicans have done makes the course of the Democrats in San Francisco clear and easy.



THE UNINSTRUCTED DELEGATE

LIFE



"The Whole Wide W

LIFE



"The Wide World Apart"

The Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock



AS WE PICTURE IT FROM THE VERSIONS OF THE POETS, AND—

It Happened at Green's

MAITLAND GREEN was one of those punctilious men who never do anything by halves. His great success in the commercial world was due entirely to his planning things beforehand and running on a schedule. He adored his friend Herbert Dolby, who was a quiet, studious fellow, and when he heard that Dolby's wife had gone on a visit, he called him up and insisted that Dolby spend the week-end with him. There seemed nothing for Dolby to do but say yes.

"I'll fix the thing up with you in the morning," said Green. "To-night I'll go over the details with my wife."

The next morning Green appeared in Dolby's office.

"Everything's been arranged," he said, "and it's the greatest pleasure of my life to have you with us. Believe in doing things up right. So I'll just run over this schedule."

He produced a typewritten paper.

"Checked up by my wife," he chuckled. "Nothing like getting the old lady's O. K. We arrive on the train that gets to Summertown at four-thirty. Right for you?"

Dolby nodded.

"Car at station. Got a brand-new runabout—everything on high. We'll do up the whole country before six—wonderful run. When we get back, just run you over house and grounds—spent thirty thousand fixing it up—looks great—want you to see it all—all modern appliances—four dogs. Bath at seven—suit you?"

"I guess so."

"Dinner togs will do. Dinner at seven-forty-five—small party of sixteen. Bridge. Small stakes—you play, of course—half a cent—we break up about one, with supper at twelve—something light—hope you like mushrooms—raised on place—wait till you see it. Bed at two. How's that?"

"That seems—good."

"Take rather early start in morning, as we have a lot to do. Breakfast at seven-forty-five, as I have to be at the Country Club at eight-thirty. We play thirty-six holes—more if you say so. Better make it forty-five; through at—well, say two. Will two be all right?"

"Y-e-s."

"Luncheon at club. Motor to Quesnening in afternoon—only eighty miles. Wonderful inn. Tea with mother and the

girls. Back at eight. Must be home then, as we've got some more people coming in."

"More people?"

"Yep. Story-tellers' club. Know any good ones?—but of course you do—stag party—got some fine old stuff to go along—fellow from New York to entertain us. How about Monday morning?"

"I must get back."

"Eight-thirty suit you? We'll break up about three. Make it nine if you say so."

"Guess you'd better make it nine."

"All right, sir. That's settled. Just wanted to have it understood in a general way. Meet you at Penna this afternoon at three-fifteen sharp. Wonderful to have you with us, old man. Full up to-day. S'long!"

Dolby's mail began to swim before his eyes. He thought of his steady wife, so far away. No help from that quarter. He began to go over the hideous details of his coming visit. Mushrooms! They would kill him. Bridge! He played a rotten game. Golf! He played eighteen holes twice a month. People! Strangers confused him.

He began to feel dizzy.



AS IT PROBABLY HAPPENED

"On Sunday the dust is something fearful!" he muttered. "And the Fords!"

At eleven o'clock he was rapidly growing worse. A headache was coming on. And his mind was going over it and over it and over it.

"I feel chilly," he whispered hoarsely at noon. "I've got a fever."

At one o'clock he was home.

"Send for the doctor," he said to the faithful maid. The doctor came at two. Dolby was delirious.

"Only half a cent," he chuckled. "Give me some more mushrooms! I must have 'em! I eat 'em alive. Let me drive—faster! faster! Yes, I know another one better than that. It was about a man—"

"Keep him quiet," said the doctor. "Wire his wife. These business fiends! They all break down some day. Every two hours."

"You poor boy," said his wife the next morning, "why can't I ever leave you alone in safety? Now tell me, what did you do to bring this on?"

"I went to a week-end at Maitland Green's."

"How dreadful! When did you go?"

Dolby shuddered, even as he straightened up with a reminiscent horror.

"On Saturday," he replied, "between the hours of nine A. M. and one P. M."

T. L. M.

At the Concert

MRS. BLATTER: Are there any climaxes in the next overture?

MRS. CHATTER: There are several places where you can't hear yourself talk.

B E thrifty! Remember that a dollar saved is a quarter earned.

Brief Cases

THE overall movement seems to be about all over.

With the approach of the vacationing season, farmers expecting to entertain boarders are brushing up on their dialects.

Hitch your wagon to a star, but don't be afraid to get out occasionally and put your shoulder to the wheel.

Money talks, but it doesn't buy anything any more.

After a few more ghastly automobile accidents, "joy riders" may begin to ask themselves what's in a name.

Few men succeed in concealing their own egotism by calling attention to it in others.

Now is the time for all rich men to come to the aid of their party.

The young man in business who drags down his salary can't expect the firm to raise it.

Above all things else, a man hates another man who tells the same lies as himself.

TELL me what you eat and I will tell you what you are paying too much for.



RETURN OF THE PURITANS TO ENGLAND



Puritan Housewife (whose husband has been chased home by the Indians): WILLIAM! HOW MANY TIMES WILL I HAVE TO TELL YOU TO GET THE MUD OFF YOUR SHOES BEFORE YOU COME IN!

The Deadly Parallel

What the Early Colonists Escaped

JAZZ.
Grape-juice Bryan.
Sex novels.
Congress.
Strikes.
Prohibition.
Vampires.
Theda Bara.
Presidential obstinacy.
After-dinner speakers.
Flivvers.
Futurist art.

What the Early Colonists Had to Endure

Psalm singing.
Cotton Mather.
Fox's Book of Martyrs.
English government.
Indian troubles.
Puritanism.
Witches.
Anne Hutchinson.
Religious fanaticism.
Three-hour sermons.
Ox carts.
Portraits of King James.

Offerings

YOU say that I've never written a thing
To you?
But, sweet, in all of my lines I sing
To you;
And whether it's verse or whether it's
prose,
You are the tune to which it goes.
Each word and rhyme is a gift I bring
To you!

Whatever I do worth while is wrought
Of you.
For back of it all is the glowing thought
Of you.
If ever a line I've writ is fair,
It's the magic of you that has framed it
there,
As a golden dream that my soul has caught
Of you.

So though I sing never a single word
Of you,
Nothing can make my vision blurred
Of you,
And every syllable, every phrase
Of song I make in my singing days
Is one my innermost heart has heard
Of you!

Solving the Sugar Problem

FIRST—Representative Votegetter submits a resolution providing for investigation of the sugar industry. (Sugar is selling at twenty-two cents per pound.)

Second—in due course Ways and Means Committee is ordered to conduct sugar investigation. (Sugar selling at twenty-five cents per pound.)

Third—in due course sub-committee is appointed to conduct investigation. (Sugar now at twenty-six cents per pound.)

Fourth—in due course sub-committee starts its probe and examines sundry witnesses. (Sugar now quoted at twenty-eight cents per pound.)

Fifth—in due course investigation is concluded and majority reports (along strict party lines) are submitted. (Sugar now quoted at thirty-two cents per pound.)

Sixth—Action on reports is held up for six months, during which period sugar slumps back to seventeen cents per pound.

Seventh—Majority report adopted, with fixed sugar price of twenty-five cents per pound. (Sugar at once goes up to twenty-five cents per pound.)

BRIGGS: Do you think there is any chance for the wealthy people to join themselves to the outcasts and the oppressed?

GRIGGS: Why not? This morning I saw the driver of a milk wagon talking to one of our school-teachers.



Haberdasher: SORRY, SIR, WE HAVEN'T A SILK SHIRT LEFT. YOU SEE, THERE'S A GANG OF LABORERS WORKING OUTSIDE, AND THEY'VE BOUGHT US OUT COMPLETELY

Magazines! Shall We Read Them?

THE papers whispered the other morning that Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, had said at a librarians' dinner: "Read more newspapers and books, but leave magazines alone if you want an educated public. Magazines are filled with trivial stories."

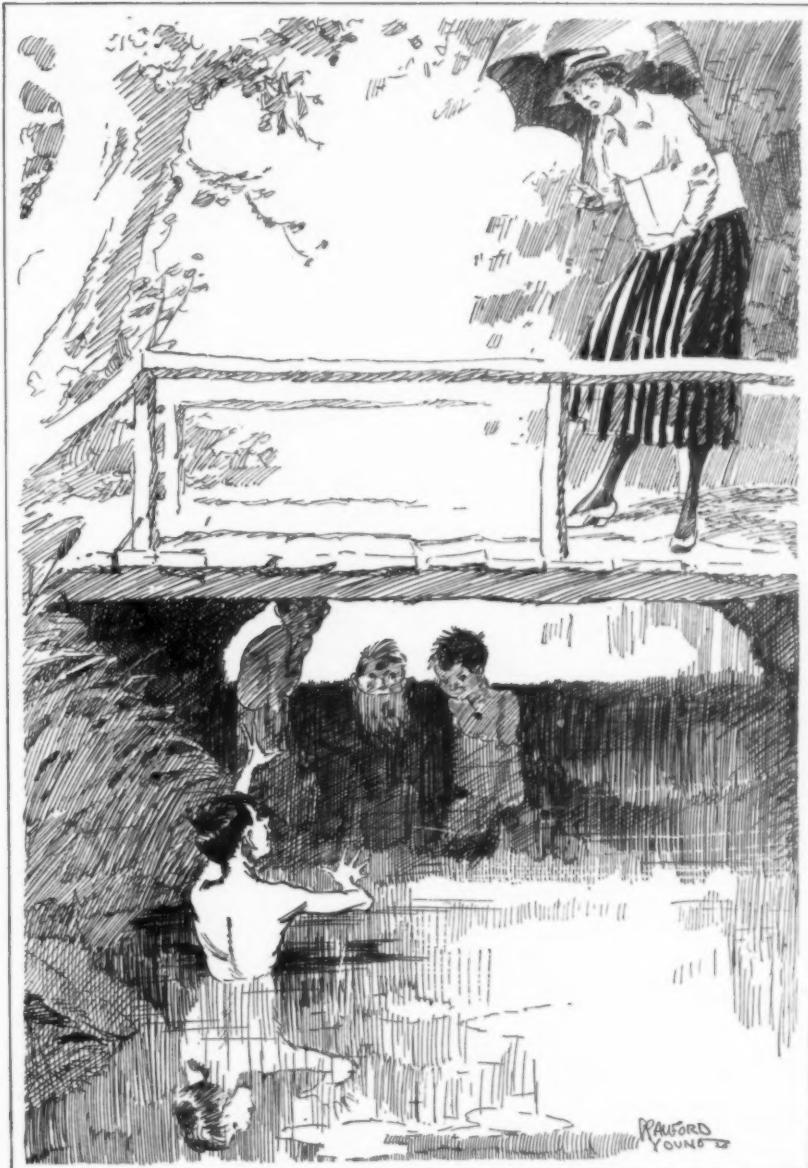
The newspapers naturally reported this advice of Professor Phelps, but the *World*, with a kindness for some magazines, remarked upon it: "This is dogmatic, and, like most dogmatic utterances, subject to modification. There are magazines and magazines, and no doubt Professor Phelps would admit the possibilities of education from reading the *Yale Review*, the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, or *Harper's*, *Scribner's* or the *Century*."

That seems a good many chickens to let out of the coop, but if there is to be a jail-delivery, other magazines besides those mentioned have good articles in them now and then. Even the contributions to Mr. Hearst's periodicals are not invariably exempt from merit.

It is likely that the practice of browsing in magazines, even in the higher grade of them, belongs to a time of life and to a stage of knowledge that is more or less temporary, and that after people who are readers get quite old, and get to know quite a bit, some of them find that they have already read pretty much all the kinds of things that a magazine can print, and have lost appetite for them. And then, if their hind legs are still equal to the effort, they may jump the fence out of the magazine paddock altogether and go and graze in other fields.

In so far as that is true, it is particularly true just now when so many people feel that old things are passing away and entirely new things are on the road, and coming this way, and sure to arrive. The magazines are still concerned with the old things, and have to be, and have not come yet into very living relations with the new. The trivial stories that Professor Phelps complained of belong to the world that actually exists, the world of the passing hour. Magazines cannot skip that hour and go and live entirely in the future. They must stay in the world where their readers are. They are institutions, and have roots and subscription lists and habits.

You have to catch the symptoms of the new life where you can find them, a word here, a word there, something from the papers, and all you can get from the liv-



Willie: GEE! MA! I'M GLAD YOU CAME ALONG! I JUST WANTED TO ASK YOU IF I COULD GO IN SWIMMING

ing voice. The ideas that are to shape the new life are still chiefly in the minds of men and far from definite even there. People are feeling around for guidance and looking out for signs and wonders. It must be almost as hard for the magazines to keep up with such times as it was for them to keep up with the shifting phases of the war.

Newspapers are not as interesting as they were, nor is their news anything like so important. The great merit in most of them now is that you can skip so much. You can read the headlines, if you need, and let everything else go, ex-

cept perhaps one or two things that have a momentary importance. The defect of the newspapers—one defect—is that though a good piece gets to its readers immediately and before the occasion of it is forgotten, it goes out of mind and out of sight almost as quickly as it comes in. The magazines are a little more permanent. The discourses they record do not disappear overnight, but lie on the table for a month, and are still accessible for much longer than that. They are not as permanent as books, but at least they beat newspapers.

E. S. M.

The Sweet Girl Graduate

She starts off with an A.B. or an M.A.; but she'll end up with an MRS.

"WE, the graduating class of . . . salute you. [Extract from composite speech of all presidents of all graduating classes.] Our little ships, laden with their precious cargoes of friendships and learning, are about to sail out on the vast, vast ocean of this wide, wide world. They are about to venture forth from the safe harbor of our dear Alma Mater—to cope bravely with adverse winds and to steer straight and true. . . ." Oh, you tell them, Teddy. I can't bear to do it!



What did Lily get out of college? Look in her memory book and you'll find that her time wasn't wasted—not before, between and after classes, anyway. And, after all, she *did* get her degree, even though the margin was scantier than Lily's roommate's left eyebrow.



Patsy was the pride of the English Department. "Two dances?" says Pat. "No, child, *jamais!* Not in this reincarnation. You're seeing red, boy; deport yourself." Patsy, voted to have the best line at Smith, was also commended by the authorities for her remarkable command of Shakespeare's native tongue.



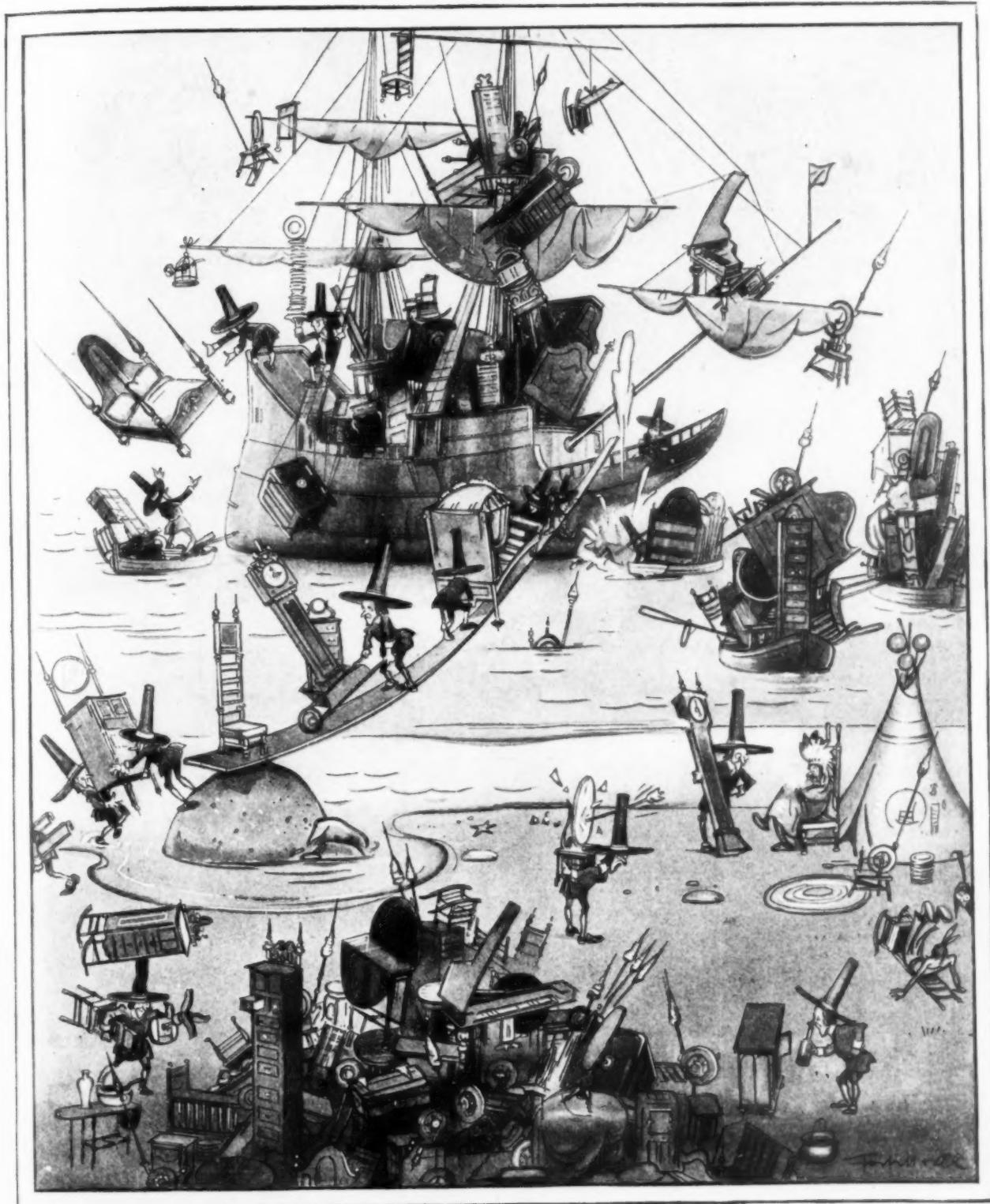
This is Alysse, four years in the Art Department of Teachers' College, returned to the yearning bosom of her family—and father is the best and most respected boss plumber of Paterson, N.J. Why, oh, why, did mother ever tell Alysse of her great-aunt Abby who wasn't just right in the head, poor dear, and used to paint china?



The farewell meeting of the Vassar Mathematics Club. Each of these loveslies majored in mathematics and was graduated *summa cum laude*. Indeed, if Marjorie connects with that six (yclept "Lil Hennery") that she is earnestly summoning, she will seriously consider going back next fall for a post-graduate course.



Canny Mary. Thanks to her domestic science, she can cook, sew, wash, scrub, interior-decorate and run a house on a budget with which a new suit of clothes would refuse to associate. Will she be the first to obtain the husband of her heart? Will she—what? With cooks where they are and what they are? Over the several defunct bodies of her family she will.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS
IF WE CAN BELIEVE THE ANTIQUE DEALERS



THE FOLLIES OF 1620
AN OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE, PLAYING TO LARGE AUDIENCES, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PURITAN FATHERS

The Sum of Knowledge

A friend of LIFE writes: This year my son has acquired in school the following information—

HOW to make a tomato grow in a tin can.

The ability to emulate the frog and the cricket in a movement known as the Folk Dance.

The exact number of breaths drawn by Betsy Ross while she was sewing the first American flag.

"Number work" up to but not including addition.

The vocalization of melodies concerning birdies, beasties and fishes.

The power to construct a flatiron-holder and a boot-tree with the aid of nineteen expensive tools.

English composition of informal notes addressed to the owners of braids and pinafores.

A hatred of the post-mortem grammar-dissection of the English classics.

The smooth, ready and rapid use of such colloquialisms as, "He ain't got none," "Him an' me," "Uh-huh" and "Ayuh."

A genius for analyzing movie plots at the breakfast table.

Prolonged

SHE: I thought that when Prohibition came in you would be home early, but now you come home later than ever.

HE: Well, you see, old dear, it takes so much longer now to get what one wants.

I HAVE two cases over in my house."

"Hooray! Scotch?"

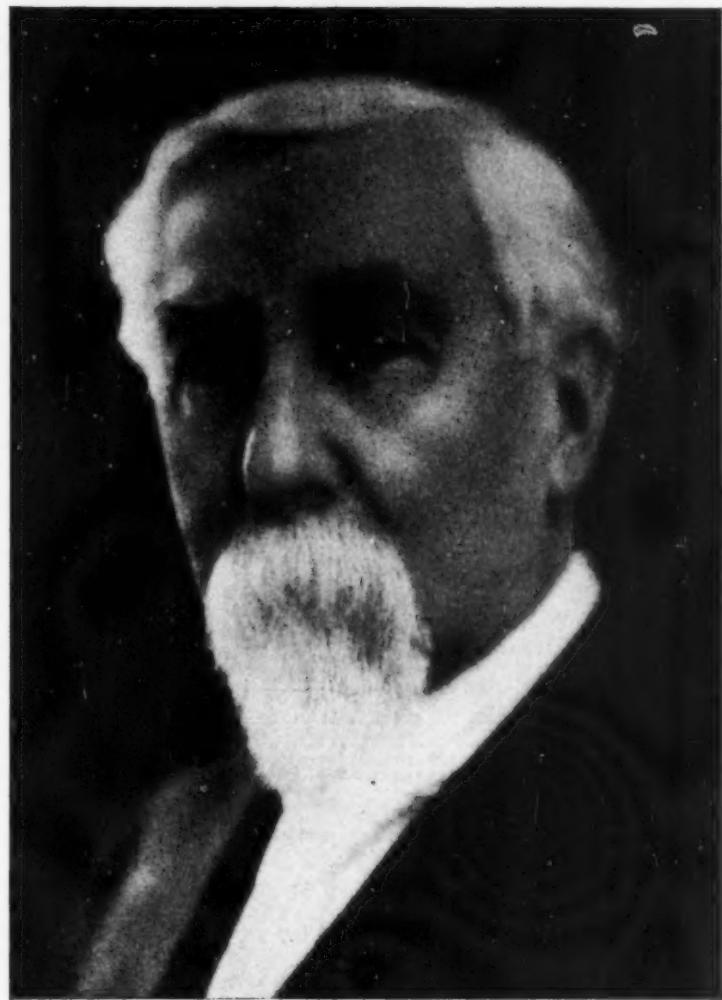
"Measles."

SHAW: Goin' to wear overalls?

BUTT: Nope, I'm goin' to wait a few weeks and launch a bathing-suit movement.



Little Boy: BETWEEN YOU AN' ME, GRAN'MA, WAS DAD REALLY SUCH AN ANGEL WHEN HE WAS MY AGE AS HE TRIES TO MAKE OUT?



Henry M. Leland
President Lincoln Motor Company

A Builder of Motor Cars: a Moulder of Men: a Master of Craftsmanship: a General of Organization: a Man whose Standards, and Methods, and Ideals have been Models and Inspirations to the Industrial World

HENRY M. LELAND has been called the father of Detroit's motor car industry.

For more than thirty years he has been recognized as one of the World's master craftsmen, and as leader in mechanical industry—with a record for doing things—and doing them better than they had been done before.

He is known as a man to whom achievement has been a source of greater satisfaction than has monetary gain.

Mr. Leland comes of rugged New England ancestry, and in New England his earlier life was spent.

There he left the imprints of his genius, and his skill, and though many years have passed, those imprints still remain—undimmed.

In the year 1890, he came from New England to Detroit, where for a number of years he engaged in the manufacture of the finer kinds of machinery and precision tools.

He was one of the pioneers in the manufacture of gasoline marine engines.

Eighteen years ago, Henry M. Leland with Wilfred C. Leland, and their associates, brought out an automobile—the first practical and enduring car made in large numbers.

That was followed in almost annual succession by cars embodying intrinsic betterments, greater comforts, greater conveniences and greater utilities. These in their turns became important factors in directing the trend of motor car development.

As an outstanding example of Leland foresight, courage and initiative, one has but to recall their pioneering of the electrical system of starting—lighting—ignition. And where can you find a car that has not followed that lead?

It has been not only a Leland policy but a Leland principle, never in their products to adopt a feature whose worth did not extend beyond its value as a "talking point."

They were Leland-built cars that were awarded the Dewar Trophy—the trophy awarded annually by the Automobile Club of Great Britain to the motor car demonstrating the greatest advance in the development of the industry. Leland-built

cars were the only American product ever to receive that wonderful and much-coveted tribute—and the only make of car thus honored twice.

Few places there are in the automotive world but where the Leland influence has permeated; few but where their codes and their methods have been models, and where their standards have been an ideal and an inspiration.

Always unselfish, access to their ways of doing was as an open book. Always have they given freely of their encouragement to the motor and other industries who sought their counsel.

Notwithstanding each car was a greater car than the car before, the Lelands seemed always to be inspired by an insatiable desire to achieve and to surpass.

The latter part of 1914 marked what was up to that time, the crowning achievement of their career.

It was then that the Lelands gave to the world the first eight-cylinder, V-type, high-speed, high-efficiency motored car. The effect and influence of this car upon the industry is too well known to call for comment here.

The elder Mr. Leland (Henry M.) insists that to the younger (Wilfred C.) is due the credit and

the honor for the conception of that fine car.

July 1, 1917, the Lelands withdrew affiliation from the motor car industry, that they might engage in the production of Liberty Aircraft Motors for the Allied fighting forces.

Those who know the character of the men, know that something besides financial gain was responsible for their decision.

The epoch making history that followed, and the tremendous task involved, would require volumes to relate; but briefly:—

The Lincoln Motor Company was formed and on August 31, 1917, was awarded a contract to produce 6,000 Liberty motors; later this was increased to 17,000. And the Leland reputation for doing things in a big way—and doing them right—was the predominant consideration in making that award.

Fifty-two acres of land were acquired; an adequate plant was erected and equipped with thousands of specially designed machines and tools.

An organization, meantime, was assembled; its backbone was composed of men who had been associated with the Lelands from three to twenty years or more. They knew the character of their leaders and they were anxious to enlist under the Leland banner.

After one year's development and with 6,000 employees, the Lincoln Motor Company was producing at the rate of 50 motors a day.

Notwithstanding past accomplishments, the Lelands have long looked forward to even greater things. They have looked to the day when they might build a motor car that would be a more true expression of their own ideals—ideals to which the new conditions more completely lend themselves.

And now, that day has come.

For years, that ideal car has been taking form, and is about to materialize.

It is a car which, like the Lelands' past achievements, is destined to blaze new trails and to chart the course of fine car making.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



The Reaction

"Pardon me for referring to it, sir," said the profiteering plute's head accountant, "but your surplus is growing at a really disgraceful rate."

"Yes," replied his employer, "but in a short time my wife's bills for the current month for goods purchased from other profiteers will come in, and when I have paid them my hoard will be reduced to respectable proportions."—*Kansas City Star*.

Mooning Around

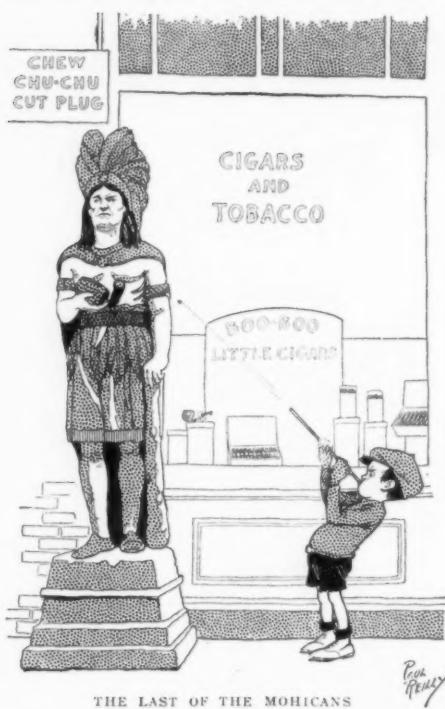
"These love scenes are rotten. Can't the leading man act like he is in love with the star?"

"Can't act at all," said the director. "Trouble is, he is in love with her."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

BUTLER (in service of the Earl of Kyles): Is that you, my lord?

BURGLAR (full of guile): Yus, matey.
—*Punch*.



More to be Pitied

To the rear door of the house of a lonely spinster in a Pennsylvania town there recently came a seedy-looking person, who, after being given some food, made so bold as to proffer this additional request:

"Missus, ask your husband if he ain't got an old pair of trousers to give me?"

Whereupon the spinster, anxious not to expose her solitude, replied:

"I am sorry, my good man, but he—never wears such things."—*Harper's*.

No Respecter of Person

We have to thank a cheerful Dean for this little bit of society letter-writing by a clergyman who took the wrong hat away from last night's party:

"Mr. A presents his compliments to Mr. B, and he has a hat which isn't mine. So, if you have a hat that isn't his, doubtless they are the ones."—*Sketch*.

Lux in Tenebris

A tourist reports seeing the following police regulation posted up in Ireland:

"Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

—*Boston Transcript*.

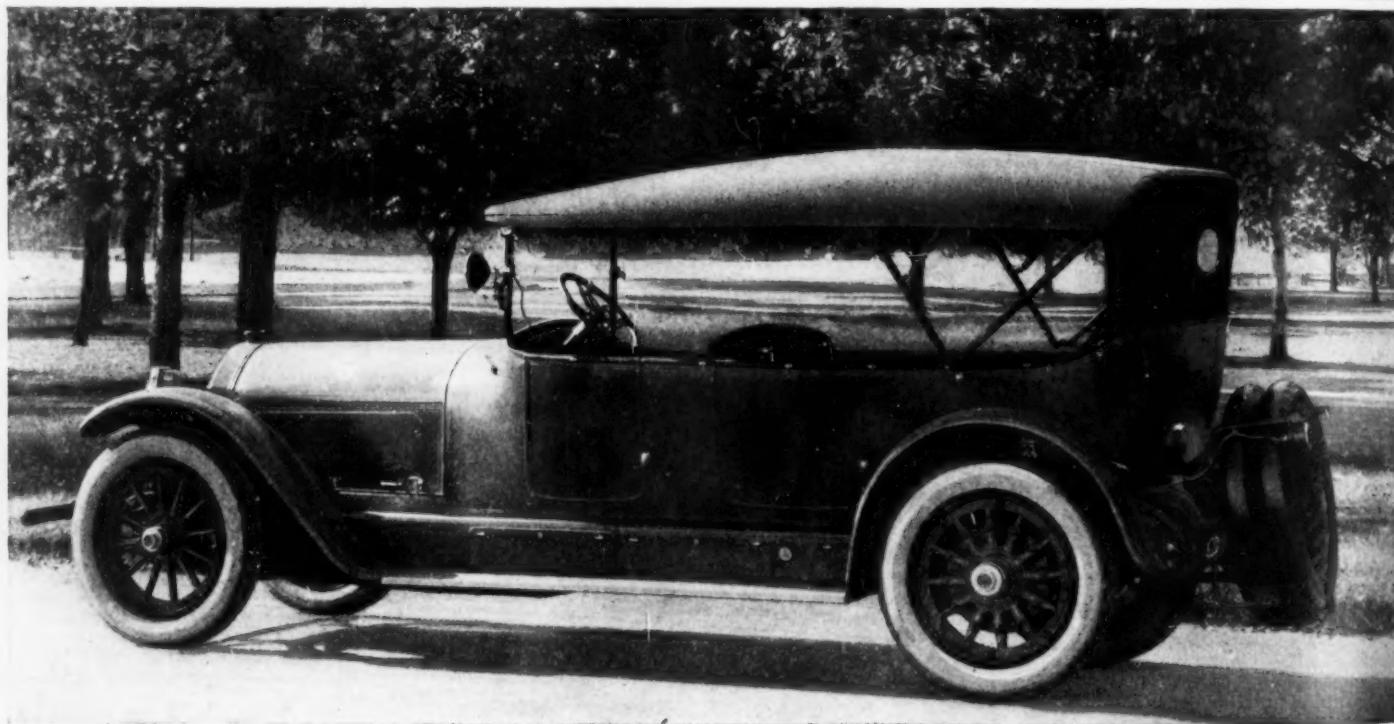
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BUILT in New England because that is the home of fine workmanship.

HARE'S MOTORS, INC., NEW YORK CITY

We Shall Keep Faith



The Convert

SCENE: Anywhere in the United States.

BLUEBIRD (*twittering*): Heigho! Happy days.

RAVEN: Never more.

Enter a Thirsty Citizen.

THIRSTY CITIZEN: Can either of you birds direct me to a smile?

RAVEN: It can't be done.

BLUEBIRD: Oh, yes, it can. First you take a raisin.

RAVEN: Don't, don't.

THIRSTY CITIZEN: A raisin, yes.

BLUEBIRD: Then a thimbleful of cornmeal.

RAVEN: Spare us.

BLUEBIRD: Then a teaspoonful of sugar.

RAVEN: This is murder.

BLUEBIRD: Mix well in half a pint of distilled water.

RAVEN: Water! Do you hear that?

BLUEBIRD: Then stand in a dark place for thirty days.

RAVEN: Thirsty days.

Sure Relief



BLUEBIRD: Strain, season to taste, and drink.

THIRSTY CITIZEN: But the smile?

BLUEBIRD: You will smile when you drink.

RAVEN: Yes, you will make a beautiful corpse.

THIRSTY CITIZEN: How terrible!

BLUEBIRD: But you will be, oh, so happy!

RAVEN (*pointing*): Up There.



GRAFLEX

There is certainty in picture-making with a Graflex. The user of the Graflex brushes aside the usual handicaps—he almost disregards subject, time, place or light.

The 1-1000 of a second snap that stops the bird on the wing, the slow snap for an indoor portrait, the prolonged time exposure—all are easily within its scope.

Graflex widens the possibilities of pictorial achievement.



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Folmer & Schwing Department

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogue free at your Dealer's or by mail.

THIRSTY CITIZEN: By Jove, I believe I will! It can't be any worse than it is here. Thank you, thank you.

(He goes off muttering to himself, "A raisin, a thimbleful of cornmeal, sugar, distilled water," etc., etc.)

Curtain.

Foster Ware.

A NY woman is suspicious of another woman who can keep a secret.

**Who Goes First?**

The etiquette of the revolving door has yet to be standardized. At present there are two schools of opinion on the subject. One holds that when a man and a woman approach a revolving door it is the man's place to go first, pushing the door slowly so as to allow his partner to follow in the next compartment without any effort on her part.

The other contends that ladies first still holds sway. It is good manners, these theorists say, for the man to step aside, let the woman start the door revolving, and then jump into the compartment behind her. In this way, it is contended, the man may assume control of the door and guide it until the woman ahead of him is safely out.

The bitterest rivalry prevails between the two schools.—*New York Evening Post*.

***The First Eyeglass***

Nero, Emperor of the Romans, was the first man, so far as history relates, who made use of an eyeglass.

He was near-sighted, so, when viewing the gladiators in the arena, he magnified the fighters by using a concave Emerald as an optic aid.

Since Nero's time, optical glass, far more efficient than the costly Emerald, has been put within reach of all peoples.

Look for the Emblem, as printed below, on the door of your Optometrist—and have him tell you if YOUR Vision is normal.

Also, write us for the little "Conservation of Sight" booklet. It's gratis.

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A CORPORATION

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

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It will pay any horse owner to direct those who attend to his horse shoeing to use "Capewell" nails. There's a great difference in horse nails. It's



The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.

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Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced to physicians in 1900. Insist on unbroken packages

**BAYER-TABLETS
of ASPIRIN**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture in
Monoacetylacetester of Salicylicacid

ANOTHER dangerous combination is a fool and his typewriter.—*Osborne Farmer*.

The Necessary Worrier

"Didn't you use to belong to a Don't Worry Club years ago?"

"Yes," replied the patient yet firm woman. "I had to resign. Nobody worried about who was going to fix up the sandwiches and salad and freeze the ice cream, but me. So I decided I was just a born worrier and was out of my class."

—*Washington Star*.



Quality First

Boston Garter

New Gap

Worn the World Over

For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old but makes many new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON

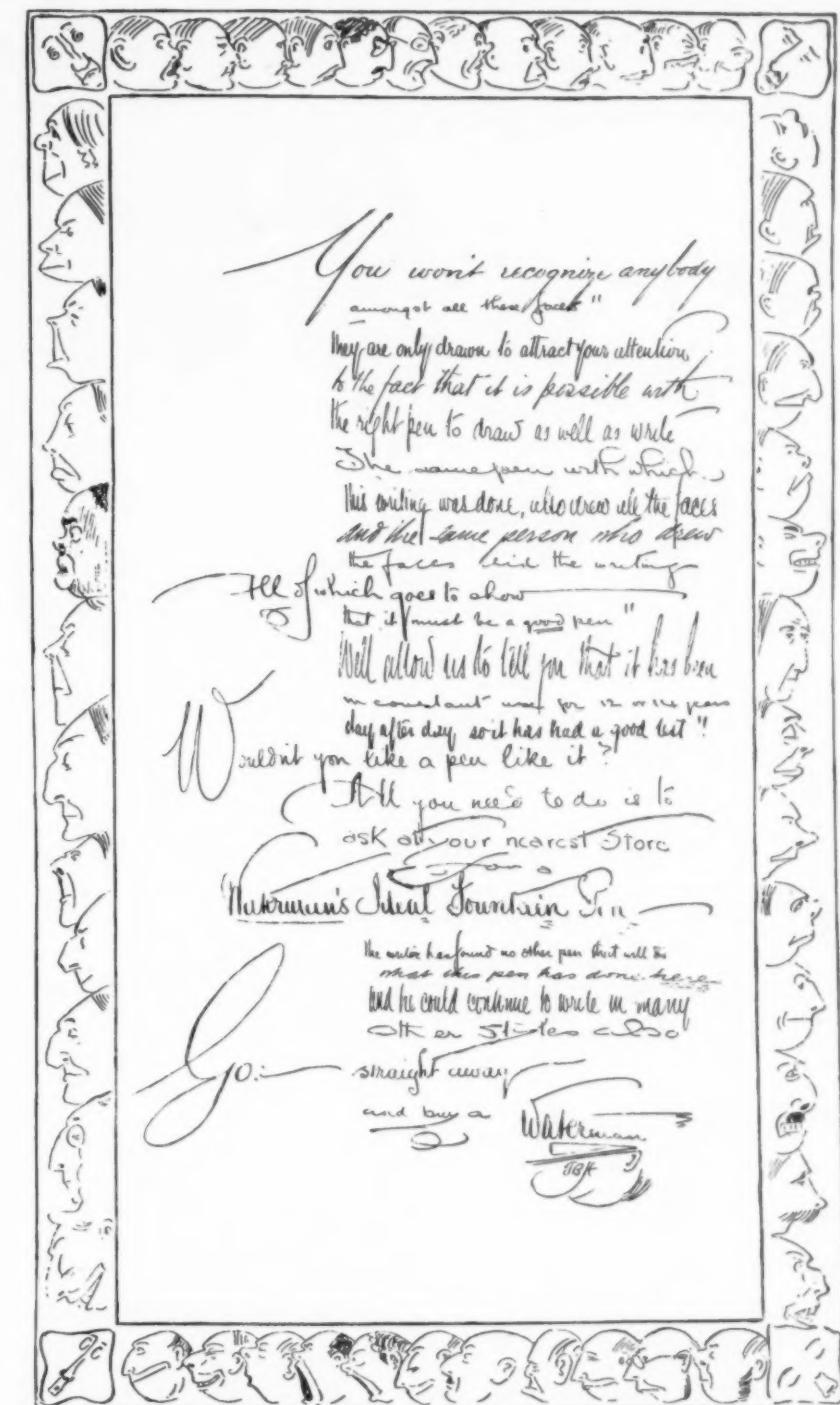
Sympathizers, Attention!

THIS is an age of specialization. People of common proclivities form themselves in groups. They erect edifices for their common benefit. They elect presidents and governing committees, and in many cases acquire an ambition to influence the national vote. They send delegates to Congress.

Up to the present time no society composed of those people who go about sympathizing with themselves has been formed, but this, after all, may be only a matter of weeks or days. That it is badly needed, any observer must admit.

The fine art of sympathizing with yourself is one that acquires a high degree of efficiency, because it has the supreme advantage of being continuously interesting to the one who practices it. And the means for practice are always at hand. There are always people about one; and almost any individual will answer.

It is best to begin with a series of private rehearsals. If one has a fair sense of



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For Dainty Women

NAIAD

DRESS SHIELDS

Rubberless, Sanitary, Durable
A New Pair for Every Gown
Buy them by the Box



order and an instinct for combination, it is comparatively easy to arrange in advance a complete set of immediate troubles. When these have been duly classified and checked up, you are ready for your victim.

It is here, however, that you may fail, if you are only an amateur. You will start in on your troubles at once, thus frightening your quarry away before you have presented them effectively. By far



LONG WEAR

MATERIALS OF ENDURING
STRENGTH AND WORKMAN-
SHIP OF SCRUPULOUS CARE
MAKE BVD WEAR FAR BEYOND
WHAT IT IS FAIR TO EXPECT
NO UNDERWEAR IS BVD WITHOUT
THIS RED WOVEN LABEL.



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NEW YORK

**Domes
of Silence**

BETTER THAN CASTERS

For All
Furniture
Legs

Save Floors-Save Rugs
See That You Get Them

Cow, Calf and Bird

ONE day I took a photograph
Of daddy's spotted cow and caph.
They lay at ease in a ravine,
On the cool turf of freshest grine.
"Oh, goodness me!" exclaimed the calf;
"Such flummadingoes make me lalf!"

Just then a sparrow on a bough
Hurled a bass solo at the cough.
Her bovine ladyship averred:
"How nice of that dear little burred!"

John Talman.

the best way is to begin on the other man. Ask him how he is feeling. Imply that you are ready to sympathize with him. Indicate that you know things are not going well with him. Invite him to open up his breast. Do not, however, let him go too far, otherwise he will beat you at your own game. Learn to seize upon that auspicious moment when you can deftly turn the tables on him by saying:

"Yes, I can quite understand. That is the way I feel myself. I want to tell you exactly what I myself am going through."

You've got him then. He cannot escape you, because by patience and self-control you have taken the ground from under him.

The real danger of mobilizing a society of people who go about sympathizing with themselves is, of course, that they may almost immediately become so numerous that there will be no outsiders to practice upon. It should therefore be a secret society, composed of a respectable number of selected spirits who are entitled to admission on their merits.

For Relief from the Strain of a
New England Conscience

Read

Life

A good laugh makes existence seem brighter, less sinful, and better worth while. Try it yourself for a year, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

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16

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It's a cinch
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Camels sell!



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In fact, *to your taste*, Camels combine every joyous feature that could make a cigarette supreme! *That's why Camels are a cigarette revelation!*

Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos makes Camels unlike any cigarette you ever smoked.

Camels quality and Camels blend are so unusual you'll find them unequalled by any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

It costs less per year to wear

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than any others, because they are the best shoes. Many pairs of them have been worn for seven and eight years—some longer. They represent the only true economy—that of quality.

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Rich in Food Value.

Eating Drinking Baking

MAILLARD'S
EAGLE SWEET CHOCOLATE
FOR EATING AND DRINKING
1/4 and 1/2 Pound Package

- and you know it's pure



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FROM ENGLAND TO PLYMOUTH ROCK, DECEMBER 21, 1620

POLITICAL DIFFERENCES

made away under the happy influence of a bottle of



Makes others see things the way you do
The Happy Beverage

From Washington to Wilson Evans' Beverages have pleased the masses

FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONIA EVANS ALE

FINE FOR COTTAGE, CAMP AND CLUB

Order a case from nearest dealer

Estab. 1786

Hudson, N. Y.

Personal Service

JOE and Margaret were so happy. He loved her so much, and she was so devoted. She packed his suitcase. She kept track of his clothes. She made out the household bills and accounts. She fetched him tobacco, matches and pipe cleaner. And yet she was a Ph.D. So it was unfair of people to say that Joe had a personal maid.

Tom and Edith were so happy. She

The Unlatched Door

He was young and handsome and rich and full of the joy of life. He had been dining out—dining profusely if not wisely. His taxicab, at a very late hour at night, left him on the sidewalk in front of what he thought was his own home. He walked up the steps, opened the unlocked door, and stumbled against something on the floor. He struck a match—then he fled from the place as sober as he had ever been in his life. But the circumstances had already looped him in a tangle that involved also a beautiful girl.

So begins "**The Unlatched Door**" by Lee Thayer, one of the most absorbing love and mystery stories of the year. The puzzle will baffle the keenest of readers, the conclusion will surprise the most experienced unraveller of mystery stories. The publishers recommend it for entertainment.

"**The Unlatched Door**" is published by the Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.75.



Hagen at Finish of Short Pitch Shot

HAGEN SAYS:

second favorite club) a club that must be played often to get the best results."

—From the American Golfer.

You Can Get What Hagen Gets

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Almost every well-known and professionally endorsed club model can be had in Monel Metal. The uniform texture of Monel Metal insures exact and proper weight balance and true lines, and Monel is every bit as strong as steel.



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A Monel Club Head is a lasting copy, for Monel cannot rust or corrode. Monel Club Heads should be cleaned by your Professional but balance destroying wheel buffing is unnecessary. They are cleaned by simply polishing off grass or dirt accumulation.

These Hagen clubs or other famous models can be secured from your golf professional or

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THE MONEL METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION
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Monel Metal is a product of The International Nickel Company



Hagen Mashie Iron
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loved him so much, and he was so devoted. He packed her suitcase. He kept track of her clothes. He made out the household bills and accounts. He fetched her hair combs, sweater and pumps. He found the things that she had left about. And yet he was a lawyer, and so it was unfair of people to say that Edith had a valet.

If you want to find out where a man is from, ask him what city has the best fire department.

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SOLE AGENTS IN THE U. S.



Local Color

RUMOR has it that the Kaiser's antique furniture, brought some months ago to America for auction, has been bought by one of our most successful and most tragic scenarists. The lot, which must have cost a fabulous sum, included the hangings of the imperial council-chamber and the two iron eagles which stood guard on each side of the Kaiser's throne. It seems that they were bought for inspirational purposes. "Atmosphere is essential to art," the scenarist is claimed to have said. "You can't shiver unless you are on ice, and even the most willing egg is unable to get boiled on cold water. Poe had the d. t.'s when he wrote 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' and Coleridge doped out 'Kubla Khan' under ether. I am going to write the most blood-curdling tragedy ever thrown on the screen without becoming addicted to either liquor or dope. I expect to get all my copy from the nightmares which I will experience in the Kaiser's bed. Imagine, for instance, what 'The Raven' might have been if, instead of that old black crow, the Kaiser's cruel-clawed birds of prey had perched over Poe's bedroom door!"

A Frenchwoman's Impressions of America

Comtesse Madeleine de Bryas and Mlle. Jacqueline de Bryas have really seen America. They came to this country during the war to do work for France and America; and their work carried them to every part of our country. Of American descent, they had kept in touch with the United States: they knew both their own country and ours, though they viewed America through keen French eyes.

"A Frenchwoman's Impressions of America" is therefore not the usual commentary by a foreign visitor who sees a few cities, interprets what is seen without sufficiently understanding it, and is either fulsome in praise or unjustly sweeping in condemnation.

The two authors found plenty to praise here and some things at which to level good-natured, well-mannered criticism. And it is all written in a shrewd, smooth, vivacious style. It is a stimulating book.

"A Frenchwoman's Impressions of America" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.75.



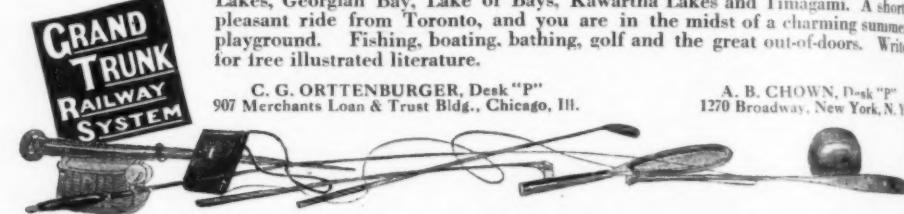
—the Highlands of Ontario

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Hay fever unknown. One thousand to two thousand feet above the sea. Air scented with pine and balsam. Modern hotels in Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Kawartha Lakes and Timagami. A short, pleasant ride from Toronto, and you are in the midst of a charming summer playground. Fishing, boating, bathing, golf and the great out-of-doors. Write for free illustrated literature.

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907 Merchants Loan & Trust Bidg., Chicago, Ill.

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1270 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



Rumor further has it that the reason why the above-mentioned tragedy has not already curdled the Great White Way is because the scenarist unguardedly took his meals off the Kaiser's dining-room table and so undermined his digestion that he had to give up all work.

S. T.

Careful

EDITOR (of great American news-paper): Now that we have freedom of the press once more, what shall be our policy?

PROPRIETOR: Before we can determine that, we'd better have a meeting of our stockholders.

CUSTOMS FIFTY YEARS AGO

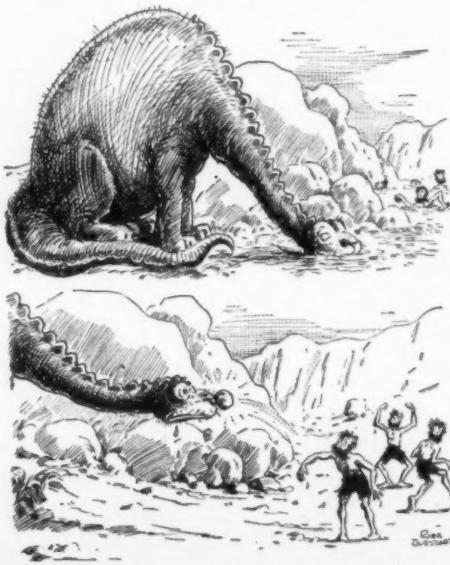
Who among us would say to-day, "I never use Dentifrice; I never have to?"

Yet Fifty years ago, odd as it may seem, not one person in 1,000 used a Dentifrice—or even a tooth brush.

So to-day, after more than 30 years of persistent publicity of Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder for the Feet, not many well-turned-out people care to confess, "You know I never have to use a Powder for the Feet!"

More than One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by the Army and Navy during the war.

The reason is this: Confining the feet in Leather or Canvas Shoes is bound to create friction, more or less. Allen's Foot-Ease removes that friction from the shoes. You know what friction does to your motor-car axle. Why not remove it from your foot-wear by Shaking into your Shoes to-day, Allen's Foot-Ease, the cleanly, wholesome, healing, Antiseptic powder? Get the habit, as millions now have it, who inhabit our, as yet, imperfect world.



BATHERS HAD THEIR TROUBLES IN THE PALEO-LITHIC AGE

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

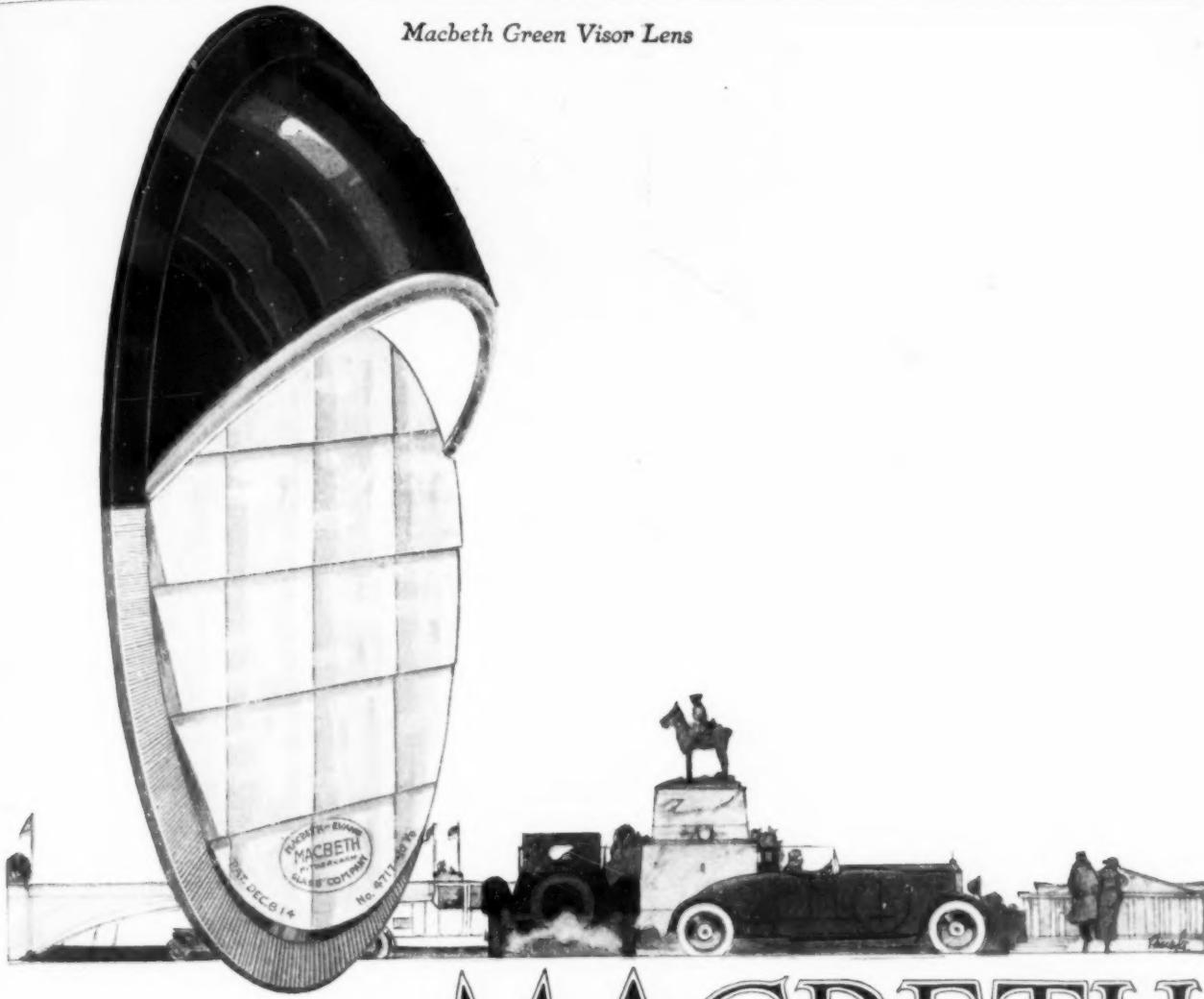


Made by a Master Chef in a Model Kitchen—**PURITY CROSS** Welsh Rabbit, Lobster Newburg, Chop Suey, Creamed Spaghetti au Gratin, Creamed Haddie au Gratin, Deviled Chicken, Deviled Ham, Deviled Tongue, Vienna Style Sausage, Corned Beef Hash, etc.

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The light is scientifically concentrated in a straight low line of brilliance far ahead and spread uniformly throughout the lighted area. The Macbeth principle of scientific prismatic direction of light is that adopted for safety by the United States for battleships and lighthouses. An impressive endorsement. The endorsement of gentlemen everywhere of the green visor lens is equally impressive. It marks a gentleman's car. Let it distinguish yours.

Price per pair \$5.25—Denver and West \$5.75—Canada \$6
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Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo;
Chicago; New York; Philadelphia;
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Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Limited, Toronto,
Canada



"You can't rub him the wrong way"

"That's the beauty of that fellow Williams'—his ability to adapt himself to whatever condition arises. He can get on without pull—his rich and creamy lather has satisfied his thousands of friends of that. Over 75 years of experience have taught him all the curves in his business. And even the young blades admit that daily contact with him seems to make them sharper.

"Williams' has a lot of near-relatives. But somehow they don't seem to have quite his gentle, soothing manner—or his perpetual good-humor that never becomes dry.

"If you don't know Williams' take a tip from me and make his acquaintance. You won't have any trouble picking him out of the crowd."

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM ETC.

**Re-Loads
Williams'
Holder Top
Shaving Stick**



Send 10 cents for
trial Re-Load stick

The Re-Load has a firm threaded metal collar. You simply screw this into the holder-top (no threads in the soap). Send 10c in stamps for sample, full size permanent holder-top, with reduced size soap. When the sample is used up, you need buy only the new Re-Load, saving the cost of a new holder-top.

The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. A
Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Shaving Soap also comes in the forms of cream, liquid and powder. Trial size of any of these for 6c in stamps.

1920

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